

A  
**DESCRIPTION**  
OF THE  
**FOUR LAST THINGS,**

V I Z.

*Death, Hell, &  
Judgment, & Heaven;*

I N  
**BLANK VERSE.**

---

*The Second Edition.*

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To which is added

Three **SPECTATORS** printed in the Year  
1715. on the following Subjects, viz.  
*The Tombs in Westminster-Abbey; The  
Christian's Felicity; The Joys of Eternity.*

And Also

A **MEDITATION** on the *Works of the Creation*, ne-  
ver before Printed. By the same **AUTHOR.**

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**L O N D O N:**

Printed for **JOHN CLARK**, at the Bible and Crown  
in the Poultry, near Cheapside. 1717.



DESCRIPTION

OF THE

FOUR LAST THINGS

IN

Death, Judgment, Hell, &c.

IN

BLANK VERSE



These Spectacles are printed in the Town  
of London, on the following Subjects:  
The Town in Judgment, Hell, &c.  
Christian's Liberty, The Jews, &c.

A MEDITATION on the Death of the Christian, re-  
ver before Printed. By the same Author.

L O N D O N :

Printed by JOHN CLARK, at the Bible and Crown  
in the Strand, near Chancery Lane.



# THE PREFACE.



HE Author in this his first and humble Essay, not being act-  
ed by any vain Ambition of  
Applause ; but a sincere De-  
fire of doing Good, sits the  
easier under those Censures, to which he  
knows 'tis expos'd, for want of that  
Beauty and Elegance, which should recom-  
mend it, both in the Justness of Design,  
and in the Ornaments of Verse. How-  
ever, the Subjects themselves, (though  
extreamly suffering by so weak and so  
unskilful an Hand) are infinitely serious  
and important ; not to be entertain'd,  
but with the utmost Attention and So-  
lemnity of Mind ; of eternal and univer-

sal Concern! No Mortal can escape the Arrest of Death, or evade the Summonsof that High, and Everlasting Tribunal. Every reasonable Creature, is form'd for an immortal Duration, and must e'er long, be irrevocably fix'd in an infinitely Happy, or Miserable Eternity! Swift as the Wings of Time can bear him, he arrives at that awful Period! If any Glory may redound to the Divine Majesty, the Great and Everlasting King; and any spiritual Good beconvey'd to immortal Souls, through an Heavenly Blessing attending this feeble, but sincere Attempt; the unworthy Author has gain'd his consummate Wish.







# DEATH.



## The ARGUMENT.

*Every Man, as soon as Born, is entered upon a State of Everlastingness. The native Nobleness of the Soul; whose Capacities are too large for any Thing in this World to satisfy, and can only be Happy in the Supreme Good. All Men must necessarily be Blessed or Miserable for ever. Man being apostatiz'd from God, by Nature he is expos'd to a dreadful Eternity. A Description of a Natural State, with its Misery and Danger. A Description of a Converted State with its Safety, Happiness and Honour. Nothing but an effectual Change by Divine Grace, and an Interest in the Redeemer, can forti-*

*fy the Soul against the Terrors of Death, and prepare it for Eternity. Every Man receives his final Doom, immediately after Death, and is fix'd in an unchangeable State for ever. The uncertainty of Life; no Man being assur'd, but e'er the next Hour, he may hear his everlasting Sentence. The Description of Death and his Attendants. The Happiness of those who are prepared for Death. The Misery of the Unprepar'd.*



WHEN by th' Assistance of some Hea-  
venly Ray,  
With rais'd and solemn Contemplation  
join'd,

Steady we view the intellectual Soul  
In its vast Powers, and Celestial Birth,  
Semblance Divine, and everlasting Frame;  
What melting Pity, and what vast Surprise,  
Mix'd with a pious Indignation just,  
Kindle to see that radiant Spark of Heav'n,  
Whelm'd in the Griefs, or wrapt in Joys of Time,  
As though the sole and final State of Life.  
From the first Moment of our Birth we breath

Immortal

# D E A T H.

7

Immortal Air; upon an endless State  
 Are enter'd, and with incorrupted Being,  
 Parrallel in Duration long must run  
 With the supream, and self-existing Mind,  
 Our high and blest Creator, who unchang'd,  
 Through all eternal Ages lives and shines.

**T**HOUGH now the native Glory of the Soul,  
 And all her Faculties sublime lie hid,  
 In a thick Veil of gloomy Flesh disguis'd,  
 From Heav'n Descent she claims, to Heav'n aspires,  
 Little inferior to the Angels born;  
 Trav'ling with Wishes of that vast extent  
 That nothing but unbounded Good can fill.  
 Enclose her round with Diamand, Pearl and Gold;  
 Pour at her Feet the Wealth and spicy Stores  
 Of *Indies* both; seat her in Paradise,  
 Amidst the Affluence of terrene Delights  
 Exalted and refin'd; give her the Throne,  
 And universal Sway of Earth and Seas,  
 Sovereign entire! and for a Crown of Gold  
 A Diadem of Stars, and this for ever;

Yet



Yet the immortal Soul with eager Wing  
 And sharpened Appetite, would still pursue  
 A far superior Bliss, and pine away  
 In everlasting Languishment, apart  
 And banish'd from the fount and fountain Good.  
 Vast are the Pantings of the deathless Soul  
 That noble Off-spring of th' Eternal King  
 Father of Spirits, with boundless Thought inspir'd,  
 Form'd to be happy in the great Supream.  
 The shining Lustre, and the native Strength  
 Of all her Intellectuals, now are dimm'd,  
 Check'd and rebated, by a Load of Clay  
 Which dulls her Operations, but when Death  
 Shall of her coarse Attire the Soul divest,  
 And manumit her to the World unseen,  
 Strait all her mighty Powers she recollects,  
 Now unconfin'd ! all Life ! all Mind ! all Spirit !  
 And grasps at inf'nite everlasting Things.

LITTLE appriz'd are wretched Mortals vain  
 Who with ambitious Wing, so swift pursue  
 The transitory Grandeur, Wealth and Bliss

Of this precarious World, as all their Heav'n:  
Little they think th' enchanting Scene e'er long  
Will disappear, and quick transmit them down  
To all the Horrors, all the Deaths that range  
The dreadful Chaos of eternal Night!  
Little the Gay, the Youthful and the Fair,  
Unhappy they! amidst the Joys of Sense  
Blandish'd, and blooming Sweets of Morning Life,  
Held Captive by the flattering Charms of Sin,  
Little reflect they, that they're born to live  
Through all the Ages of Eternity!  
That those immortal Jewels in their Breasts,  
Treated unjustly with supine Neglect,  
Must shine for ever as the Stars of Light,  
Or pave the Bottom of the burning Lake!  
Eternal Transports, or eternal Woes  
Awful, expect them in the World to come!  
Swift as the Sun revolves, and winged Hours  
Can flee away, they every Day pass on  
To that vast Ocean where the Thoughts of Time,  
And all its little Scenes at once are drown'd!  
And the black Depths of Sorrows past compare,

Or the bright immense Seas of Heavenly Bliss  
Must then for ever launch!

Thus stands the Case with everlasting Man  
Endow'd with rational, reflecting Pow'rs,  
And solemn is the Thought! Thus stands the Soul  
Hov'ring in Life, 'twixt two unbounded Worlds,  
O awful State! such different Issues wide,  
Of infinite Moment, endless Consequence!

But wretched Man, apostatiz'd from God,  
To Death and endless Ruin thus expos'd;  
Involv'd in Darkness, treads the fatal Brink  
Secure and unconcern'd! He compass is  
With thousand thick and threatening Woes unseen;  
Vast and perpetual Dangers round him fly;  
But sin hath thrown a treble Veil on all,  
His inward Faculties, in stupor wrapt,  
And hides the dismal Prospect! Wounded sore,  
Even to Death he lies, through each sad Power  
A mortal Sicknefs reigns, of all his fair,  
And pristine Glory, Happiness and Peace.



Bereft and ftrip't for ever! Yet no Moans,  
Unhappy Wretch! no Sight, no Senfe, no Feeling,  
No Inquifition made for *Gilead's* Balm,  
*Gilead's* Phyfician: Violated Law  
Thunders ten thoufand Curfes o'er his Head  
Unintermitted; Commination each,  
Through all the facred Writings interspers'd,  
In fiery blaze, like barbed Arrows fly  
Pointed and bent againft him; Juftice stern  
In wrathful Anger brandifhes the Sword,  
The dreadful Sword of everlafting Death,  
And waits th' eternal Blow! Pris'ner he is,  
And captive Vaffal to the Prince of Hell,  
Laden with deadly Chains of Sin, and loves  
The fatal Slavery; unguarded all  
He lies, to all the Miferies expos'd,  
Of prefent Life, and all the Woes to come!  
His nobleft intellectual Powers are all  
Shatter'd, diforder'd, and difrob'd by Sin  
Of their harmonious, radiant Beauty prime,  
Warring in fierce intestine Jars and now  
In conftant Tumult, and Confufion rowl.  
With eager Wing the wild Affections fly,

And

And fix on Objects which the Mind condemns,  
 And holds unlawful; while the Judgment taught  
 By heavenly Glimpse, Things better sees, approves,  
 But listless Heart, and stubborn Will rebel,  
 A dismal Cloud of stupid Ignorance,  
 And fatal Prejudice spread o'er the Soul;  
 The Understanding veils, and Captive holds  
 That first and leading Faculty; now blind  
 To all its everlasting Int'rests dear,  
 Incapable aright to judge, to chuse,  
 And guide the wandring Soul: She Darkneſs takes  
 For Light, and Light for Darkneſs; Bitter thinks  
 Exceeding Sweet, and Sweet pronounces Bitter;  
 Good, Evil calls, and worſt of Evils, Good.  
 In mazy Error thus ſhe leads aſtray  
 The dark bewilder'd Soul, and chooſes Bane,  
 Death and Deſtruction; to the happy Paths  
 Blind, where her infinite Concernments lie,  
 And ſaving Truth and Heavenly Wiſdom ſhine.

B U T if a Ray of Light from Heaven vouchſaf'd,  
 Darts on the Chaos of the Mind perhaps,

And

And its true Happiness and Duty shows,  
Strait the obdurate and rebellious Will,  
(Conquer'd alone by all-victorious Grace)  
Rises reluctant and perverse betrays  
Immortal Aversion; byast now  
Impetuous strong to Evil, only Evil;  
And still its own eternal Ruin courts.  
Its airy Passions, and Affections soft,  
Tainted by Sin, and led in facil Train,  
Attendant on the blind superior Powers,  
With eager Wing pursue a flitting Shade,  
And feed on Wind and Vanity: The First,  
Th' eternal Fair, of all created Good,  
Sweetness, Endearments, Loveliness and Love  
The Beatifick Spring; who only can  
The Soul's immortal Appetite regale  
With blest Contentment; in this glorious Being,  
Well-Head of Goodness, they no Goodness tast,  
Nor Loveliness admire; but dead to all  
The sweet Attractives infinite that shine  
In God, the Fountain-Good; to each bright Charm,  
And all the Glories of the World unseen



Impenetrable ; round they wander wild  
 The vast Creation ; fly at every vain  
 Semblance of Good, and then return aſham'd,  
 Mock'd and insulted : With new Wiſhes pin'd  
 For abſent Object, they re-grasp the Winds,  
 R'embrace the Shadow, and again return  
 Aſh'd, deluded : Absolutely doom'd  
 To endless Torment and Diſreſt, to ſeek  
 In ſhallow Stream of finite, tranſient Good,  
 What only from th' eternal Fountain flows.  
*Conſcience*, that ſelf-reflecting Faculty,  
 Which, Heav'n's Vice-Gerent, in his Breſt reſides,  
 A deadly Lethargy invades ; if acts,  
 'Tis partial and corrupt, ſoon hull'd aſleep,  
 And ſtill'd with Bribes and Flat'ry ; or if ſome  
 More ſignal Trefpaſs wakes its hideous Cry  
 And fierce Rebuke, it never chides the Soul,  
 And warns it of it's native State corrupt ;  
 Of ſpiritual Ills, the worſt, and Unbelief,  
 That great, tranſcendent univerſal Sin.

T H U S

T H U S is the noble and immortal Soul  
Wing'd with aspiring, everlasting Thought,  
From Heav'n descended, and to Cherubs Kin,  
Held in the Chains of it's Apostate-State,  
Than all created Forms unhappier far  
Inanimate or Brute: He Stranger is  
And Foreigner, and banish'd far away  
From heavenly Mansion, from the Arms and Smile  
Of him that made him; destitute of God  
And Christ and Hope (continuing thus) and all  
That's made an Understanding Power to bless.  
No present Satisfaction, solid Rest  
And Good proportion'd to it's vast Desires  
The thirsty Soul can find; no sound Repose,  
Or Object adequate, wherewith to quench  
It's noble Cravings; none in all the Spheres  
Of Honour, Riches and Delights of Time:  
But in vain Quest of Happiness she tires,  
And pining languishes, and then renews  
The fruitless Search, with quickn'd Appetite.

By Turns alternate (sad Vicissitude!)

Involv'd and lost in never-ending Maze.

WHILE thus the Soul of all true Rest is void,  
 Firm Joy, and blest Content from present Views,  
 A woful Darknefs reigns through all her Pow'rs,  
 Suffus'd by Sin, and as with thousand Veils  
 Obscures her future Prospect. All is Chaos,  
 Wild, unceiv'd, a dubious, darksome Gloom,  
 An inf'nite Maze, an everlasting Mass  
 Of strange confus'd Ideas! Thus all seems  
 Beyond the narrow Bounds of Sense and Time  
 To un-enlightned Soul: No comfort then,  
 No heavenly Cheer, can those supernal Springs  
 Into dark Mind convey and Happy make  
 That of those Streams supernal nothing knows,  
 Nor with Invisibles sweet Converse holds.  
 Doubtful indeed, the wilder'd Soul reflects  
 And often whispers "I must Live for ever!  
 "When from this Tenement of Clay I flee  
 "An unknown Somewhere is reserv'd, where I  
 "Must lodge to all Eternity!" She finds,

Unhappy



Unhappy that she is! an inward Sting  
That often scourges and torments her Thoughts  
With direful Bodings, which consign her o're  
To some superior Bar: She Bickerings feels  
And secret Lashes of a conscious Mind  
Which, guilty, point her to some future State,  
Flashes and Forecasts of the Wrath to come.  
Man miserable! While he thus remains  
Alien from God, and from Redeemer dear,  
Fetter'd and bound in Sin, these secret Pangs,  
And inward Twinges of the gnawing Worm  
Vengeance foreboding, more than countervail  
The fleeting Joys of Sense, and all the Hopes  
Of this inferior World. Creation dumb,  
Senseless and Brute, through all their lowring Ranks  
Hold him an Enemy, address t' avenge  
Their Maker's Quarrel just: There's nought he eats,  
Nought that he drinks, not all his shining Stores,  
Though in full Confluence he indulging swim's  
Of earthly Good, is blest, or makes him blest.  
But Wrath and Curse of an incensed God  
Dwell's in his Habitation, and serves up

His costliest Fare, and crowns his flowing Cups,  
 And breaths a Blast on all his fancied Paradise.  
 But O! whose Tongue can tell, what Heart can think  
 The everlasting Magazines of Wrath  
 Which in the World unseen, entreasur'd lie,  
 Prepar'd for final unbelieving Souls!  
 What powerful Rhetoric, what Seraphic Strains  
 Of Love and Pity, would suffice to plead,  
 Awaken and forewarn? Unhappy Soul!  
 While unconverted, should grim Death appear  
 With mortal Scythe, and cut the Thread of Life,  
 Dreadful and swift th' infernal Coasts the lands  
 Wrapt in the Horrors of an endless Night!

T H U S wretched and forlorn is each vain Man,  
 Whose Nature ne'er was chang'd by Grace Divine,  
 Nor sprinkled with the great Redeemer's Blood:  
 No solid Peace his inward Pow'rs can feast;  
 No lasting Blessing round about him flows;  
 No future Prospects of Celestial Joys;  
 But treads the Precipice of endless Death!  
 Should the Supreme and Everlasting King

By

By sov'reign Permit-Royal, let the Soul  
Into his shining Beatifick Courts  
Where all those boundless, heavenly Pleasures rowl;  
Aw'd with the Splendors of that Glorious State!  
Incapable of such Immortal Joys  
And Sights Divine! Eternally averse  
To all its sacred and sublime Employ;  
And shock'd with conscious self-reflecting Views  
Of foul and absolute Reverse to all  
That spotless universal Purity,  
She'd fly eternal *Paradise* as *Hell*,  
*Hell*, would involve her in the midst of Heav'n.  
Thus from Apostate *Adam* guilty sprung,  
Debas'd, defil'd, obnoxious to the Wrath  
Of the incens'd Creator, every Soul  
Enters the Stage of Life; and while remains  
Lockt in the Fetters of his native State  
Should all the loveliest Endowments, which  
Can human Nature grace; should Beauties all  
And rare Accomplishments of Body, Mind,  
With Reputation high, Wealth, Honour, Pow'r  
And all external Priviledge sacred meet

And



And render him admir'd, not all amass'd  
 Can make him truly blest, he's guilty still,  
 By Heav'n condemn'd, and unprepar'd to Die.

BUT now when, when sov'reign unresist'd Grace  
 In blest Pursuit of everlasting Love  
 Breaks in Victorious on the stubborn Mind  
 And Captive leads Captivity; dethrones  
 The Prince of Darkness, Tyrant curst and cruel  
 With all his devilish Train, and in the Soul  
 The great Redeemer's Throne erects supreme,  
 The Scene is shifted now, the Prospect chang'd,  
 Glorious Reverse! The Sun of Righteousness  
 With heavenly Beam, and bright enliv'ning Ray  
 Dispels the Mists and scatters all the Clouds  
 Of Native Ignorance, which hung so thick  
 Darkning the Mind, and brings the blisful Dawn  
 Of Light Celestial! of eternal Day!  
 Through each encaptiv'd Pow'r, involv'd in Death,  
 Th' Almighty Spirit with Vertue infinite  
 Passes as New-Creator, and the Soul  
 With Light irradiates, and with Life inspires,

Moves

Moves ennergetick, as at first on Face  
Of Warry Deep : And strait with powerful Hand  
Unveils the Understanding, and with Truth  
Divinely bright and orient, lightens clear  
The Region of the Mind : With wonder now  
And Joy triumphing, the transported Soul,  
Reflecting, views her own Original,  
And noble Nature Heav'n-sprung ; sees the true  
And everlasting Difference 'twixt the State  
Present, and that invifible ; beholds  
All things referring to Eternity  
With lively Aspect strong, in swift Career  
Thither-ward tending ; Judges not by Sense  
And worldly Wisdom and Appearance false ;  
But better now by heavenly Doctrine taught  
And heavenly Light in brightest Beams display'd,  
In Ballance of the Sanctuary juft  
All Things perpend, and to th' eternal Word  
Divine, as to the Standard fole repairs.  
Th' impending Dangers of her native State  
And all its innate Mifery and Woe  
Attendant neceffary, now ſhe views  
Greatly

Greatly surpriz'd! She now pronounces Sin  
The worst and forest Evil; counts the World,  
That once enchanted and betwitch'd her so,  
A Lump of Vanity; the Tempter now,  
In his own hellish, hideous Shape she sees  
Her mortal, guileful Foe, for ever lost,  
Debarr'd Redeeming Arms, who only can  
Rescue a perishing immortal Soul.  
Again the new-creating Spirit exerts  
Influence Divine, (though all one sov'reign Act  
In that eternal Agent) and the Will,  
Stout as it is, inflexible to all  
Beneath Infinity, prevails upon,  
Sweetly victorious, and with Pow'r inlays  
A new Celestial Byass; forms the Soul  
T'eternal Objects, and to Joys unseen  
Free and connat'ral; rendring Paths that seem'd  
Irkfome and Thorny, lin'd with heavenly Sweets.  
Th' Affections now with pious Wing disdain  
This Earthly Globe, and soar aloft to breathe  
A purer Air. From those bright Regions spring,  
There first created, and from thence throughout,

Now



Now all renew'd, she upwards thither tends,  
 As to dear Origin, with ardent Thought,  
 Vig'rous Effort, supreme, aspiring Wish,  
 And thousand Sallies frequent. Fir'd with Charms,  
 With far excelling Charms of infinite,  
 Of uncreated Good, contempt she pours  
 On all inferior Sweets. " Give me my God,  
 " Now reconcil'd, (the raptur'd Soul cries out)  
 " Give me that first, Eternal, Fountain Fair!  
 " That blest Supreme! That all-containing Good!  
 " That purest, glorious, boundless, Spring, from whence  
 " These lesser Streams do flow; give me my God!  
 " He only can my vast Desires fulfill!  
 " The endless infinite, unbounded Wish,  
 " Of my immortal Soul; he only lives  
 " Through all Eternity, comment'rate Bliss  
 " On everlasting Being to bestow.  
 " Infinite more than all Angelick Tongues,  
 " Than all Angelick Understandings vast  
 " Can think, can utter, inf'nite he excells  
 " This empty, fading, false, deluded World,  
 " And all Terrestrial Glory; Heav'n of Heav'n!

" Without

" Without Compare ! Superlatively blest !

" The all-reposing, all-delightful Good !

" Glorious himself, to me now Glorious too !

" Supreme, triumphant, give me none but God !

CONSCIENCE now sprinkled with redeeming Blood,  
And fill'd with rapturous Joys and heavenly Peace  
All Utt'rance far, all Understanding past,  
Commission'd from above, as Heav'n's Vice-Roy,  
Pronounces Absolution, and acquits  
The pardon'd Soul ; invested now with all  
Promises precious and exceeding great  
Treasur'd in Scripture ; no more Stranger now  
And Foreigner, but Fellow-Cit'zen glad  
With Saints, and Fellow-Heir of endless Life.  
Again the Soul in solemn Joy exults  
And of her great Redeemer sings the Praise.

" WHEN sober Thoughts, and calm confid'rate

" Powers.

" From noisy Scenes of Life retreated far

" Lead

" Lead up the Soul a solemn View to take  
" Of vast Eternity ! And on the Verge  
" Of that amazing infinite Abyss  
" Upon her own immortal Frame reflects,  
" Through all those endless Ages made to dwell  
" In heavenly Joys, or Woes beyond compare !  
" When to her View, the dreadful flaming Gulph  
" Of Horror everlasting opens wide ;  
" The guilty Criminal self-condemn'd that claims,  
" As its just Prey, and Fire eternal breaths,  
" Waiting t'enclose her in its dread Embrace.  
" While thus the naked Spirit stands aghast !  
" Deadly expos'd, and treads the Brink of Hell,  
" Curses ten thousand thund'ring Vengeance loud,  
" From violated Law, and Justice stern,  
" Of her affronted Maker ; none to plead,  
" To interpose, to cast one pitying Look,  
" Or Stroke of endless Death one Moment stay  
" Impendent ; with what heav'nly Strains of Praise !  
" Raptures of wond'ring Love ! adoring Joy !  
" Must the glad Soul, half sunk in Hell's Abyss  
" Enclasp a Dear Redeemer ! who can guess



- " Th' internal Ravishments! th' endearing Thoughts!  
 " The high seraphick Love that warms the Breast  
 " Of such a ransom'd Slave! Who fully tell  
 " The Saviour's Pity, and the Sinner's Joy!  
 " Thus, Glorious Jesus! Blessed Son of God!  
 " Able to rescue from the Gates of Hell,  
 " Thou Dear adored Saviour! thus thou saw'st  
 " My poor, benighted, dismal, trembling Soul,  
 " Bound in *Satanick* Chains, in swift pursuit  
 " Of Paths that issue in eternal Death.  
 " Just at the Brink of the infernal Pit  
 " Shivering I stood! -----  
 " When, O thou pitying Prince of Life! thou saw'st,  
 " And forth thine own immortal Arm extend'st,  
 " And all this dreadful Gloom to Heav'n didst change.  
 " Pursuant to th' eternal Father's Will  
 " Declar'd in ancient Council, (wondrous Love!  
 " That e're so vile, so worthless miscreant Worm  
 " Should in his great, eternal Mind find Place,  
 " Whose Pow'r immense the Frame of Nature form'd!)  
 " Pursuant to thy dear Redeeming Death  
 " And Blood Divine, effus'd long Ages since,  
 " Thou

" Thou then didst visit with thy glorious Beams  
" This darkned Mind, thou Sun of Righteousness,  
" Thou bright and Morning Star ! and by thy Spirit  
" Sov'reign, an happy, everlasting Bond  
" 'Twixt a poor dying Criminal didst contract  
" And Thee, the Prince of Heav'n, and Lord of Life  
" Hail, happy Hour ! Thou sacred blissful Dawn  
" Of heavenly Day ! Of everlasting Life !  
" Of endless Joys seraphick ! surest Pledge  
" Of Vision Beatifick, highest Hail !  
" Let Hills and Dales, let Woods, Plains, Rocks and  
" Seas,  
" Fish, Cattle, Fowl, and every creeping Thing,  
" Brute Creature dumb, and intellectual Man,  
" With all that in this lower Orb do dwell,  
" Combine to celebrate that glorious Day  
" The mighty Change that first beheld, and glad  
" Witness'd the Triumphs of victorious Grace !  
" Y' expanded Orbs, ye vast celestial Spheres,  
" And all ye golden, glittering Lamps of Heav'n,  
" That with alluring Glory shining rowl,  
" Selectest Influence shed, your brightest Rays,

- " Sereneſt, ſweeteſt, faireſt Looks diſplay,  
" That bliſſful Moment, that illuſtrious Hour,  
" With bright Magnificence and Joy to grace.  
" Ye heavenly Saints and glorious Seraphims,  
" That chaunt around this ſweet Redeemer's Throne,  
" And him adore Divine; adjoin the Notes  
" Of your Celeſtial Voices, glad to tell  
" Th' endearing Glories of that wondrous Match!  
" Th' unequal'd Stoop of your eternal King!  
" And ſing the bliſſful and diſtinguiſh'd Day!  
" Let Militant Church with Church triumphant join,  
" And univerſal Nature clap her Hands  
" In ſympathetick Joy! and thou my Soul,  
" Amidſt the glad, ſurrounding Jubilee,  
" In Extaſy of Love and Praise diſſolve!  
" O Love unutterable! Love Divine!  
" Immenſe, immortal, matchleſs, infinite!  
" That never can by all the Harps above,  
" Nor all the Tongues of-Saints and Angels there  
" Be fully told or ſung! That never will  
" Through all the Ages of eternal Days  
" By Int'leſt large of wiſeſt Cherubim,



" Or other highest, or all Created Powers  
" Be fully comprehended, nor by all  
" Justly admir'd and celebrated. Love!  
" That only in the holy, heavenly Breast  
" Of this dear Jesus, e're was found to dwell!  
" Haste heavenly Lover, universal Prince  
" And Head of Angels haste, from whom such Grace,  
" Such peerless, unexampled Grace does flow;  
" Haste and consummate the stupendious Match!  
" Mean while, let all the vain inglorious Pomp  
" And transient Scenes of splendid Joys that glance  
" By *Cæsar's* Throne, and all the fam'd Exploits  
" Of Celebrated Kings and Victors old;  
" The proud aspiring Glory that adorn'd  
" Kingdoms and States now vanish'd; all the Depths  
" Of human Wisdom, sage Philosophy,  
" The tow'ring Flights of Wit, or Beauty's Charms  
" Passant, and all Terrestrial Boast remain  
" Neglected and unsung; while *Jesus* dear  
" Become my constant, my supreme Delight,  
" My choicest Entertainment, copious Song,  
" My great, my only, everlasting Theme.

- " Henceforth let all my inward Pow'rs be fill'd  
 " With grateful and adoring Thoughts, and all  
 " My Passions move in liveliest sort to hear  
 " The distant Mention of his glorious Name.  
 " And may his voluntary, wondrous Death,  
 " That Pity and Good-will Celestial breath'd,  
 " His dear inimitable bleeding Love,  
 " With thankful Soul be evermore admir'd  
 " In blended Extasy of Joy and Praise.

THE glorious God that fashion'd Heav'n and Earth  
 And in his Hands this universal Frame  
 Sways uncontroll'd, so near Relation owns,  
 Such Condescension, Love, Care, Union dear,  
 As tender Title of *Paternal* bears.  
*Jesus*, the Prince of Life, the King of Kings,  
 His elder Brother, and his Kinsman dear,  
 His ever-living all victorious Head  
 And Captain Saviour is! Seraphick Spirits!  
 Gladly attend, defend him, glorious Guard,  
 Constant and mighty: Heav'n above's prepar'd  
 In all its Glories to receive him home.

By sovereign Goodness, and supreme Command,  
And influence Divine, Invisible,  
All Things concur, his everlasting State  
To serve and prosper : Nought can overthrow  
The Basis of his Hope, not all Efforts  
From fiercest Mortal or infernal Pow'rs.  
If into fiery Furnace he is cast  
Of keen Affliction and Adversity  
And through a Thousand angry Storms must pass  
And Tempests, e're he gains the heavenly Shores,  
'Tis all in Wisdom, all in Love supreme,  
T' improve the Life Divine, to burn his Dross,  
To give occasion for his Faith to shine  
With brighter Lustre ; render him conform'd  
To him that made him, fair Exemplar great  
Of all Perfection ! to prevent far worse,  
And everlasting Ill ; enrich his Crown,  
Exalt his Hallelujahs, wean away  
His noble Mind from this inferior State  
To seek a better, an eternal World.  
If all is calm about him, all serene,  
Both Heav'n and Earth, within, without conspire

To



To make him Happy, and perpetual smile,  
 With Peace and Joy : If sweet and heav'nly Beams  
 Ray from his Face, whose loving kindness far  
 Surpasses Life, and all imperial Grace  
 Imperial Entertainment ; and around  
 With Hand unsparing bounteous Providence  
 Terrestrial Blessings pours, the present Life  
 Richly enjoying ; still the Happy Soul  
 Fav'rite of Heaven, still he mounts above,  
 Feeds on the Prospect of superior Bliss  
 And Joys to come ! as Glimpses to the Sun,  
 Or smallest Drop to boundless Ocean vast,  
 All present Good he styles, and shakes the Wing  
 Longing to gain the Beatifick view.

'T is true, when *Satan*, Prince of Darkneſs ſtands  
 Unwilling Witneſs to this glorious Change,  
 Replete with Envy, that inferior Worm  
 Should thus be ſingled out in Heav'n to ſhine,  
 Whence he, and all his Rebel-Angels fell,  
 He can no longer hold ; but off he throws  
 The falſe deluding Masks, that long had veil'd

His

His trait'rous Friendship, and his curst Designs,  
And in his own infernal hideous Shape,  
True Diabolick, breaths revengeful Fire.  
Burning with deadly Hate he storns to see  
A ready Vassal, long injur'd perhaps  
To his accursed Service, deeply plung'd  
In Mire of lapsed Nature, fetter'd strong  
By sinful Habits vile, and carried far  
As Captive sure, into his deadly, dark,  
Destructive Kingdom, (rightful Prey) to see  
Superior, sudden, all-victorious Grace  
Unbind the Charms of Hell, the Captive free,  
And snatch the burning Brand, and wrest the Prey  
Just in the Jaws of everlasting Death.

WHEN thus the Soul that long had laid entomb'd  
In Depths of Sin and Darkness, stupid grown,  
And dead to all that's happy, great and good,  
By heav'nly Grace now shone upon, and taught  
Her high immortal Birth, and Hope Divine,  
And large Capacity, begins to loath  
Th' ignoble Slavery that once she lov'd,

And

And spurn the Charms of Sin she courted so,  
Weary of *Satan's* cruel Bondage grown,  
The Pow'rs of Darkneſs ſtrait alarm'd, enrag'd,  
In hideous Uproar riſe, and fierce purſue  
The reſcu'd Captive. Thoſand fiery Darts  
Fly thick and dreadful, from the helliſh Bow  
Of that infernal Archer, but the Soul  
From Heav'n inſtructed, and divinely help'd  
The Shield of Faith to wield, thoſe fiery Darts  
Repell's triumphant, more than Victor ſtill,  
Through him that ranſom'd him with dying Love.  
True, the inviſible, immortal King,  
God only Wiſe, who rules in Heav'n above,  
And reigns deſpotick, univerſal, who  
The Earth, the Seas, and every Fountain made,  
Sov'reign Supreme! by high divine Permit  
And looſed Rein, the dark infernal Pow'rs,  
With devilish Rage may ſuffer to work up  
Prodigious Storms, enwrap the Soul in Clouds,  
Darkneſs, and Tempeſt, and inveſt him round  
With roaring Billows of devouring Sea.  
But watchful Love omnipotent reſides



In Heav'n triumphant, and from thence beholds,  
And thence derides th' inglorious Attempt  
And furious Malice vain of Angels damn'd,  
The Vessel steers, and manages the Storm,  
And safely wafts the Soul to its desired Port.

N o w then, till Sov'reign and Almighty Grace  
This great and universal Change has wrought,  
Causing the Soul into a State to pass  
Of Pardon and Acceptance into Christ,  
By vital Faith transplanted, never Man  
Can look with Comfort on Eternity,  
And face the King of Terrors. *Cæsar's* self  
With all his numerous imperial Guards,  
And darling Splendor Regal, all the Pow'r  
Grandeur and Majesty, that awful shines  
Around his glittering Throne; not all their Pomp  
Can Death astonish, or his Steps dismay,  
Or quell th' insulting and triumphant Dart  
Of that superior Monarch: Here the Prowess,  
The noblest Valour of the Hero brave,  
Vanquish'd recoils, and faint and trembling dreads

The terrible Appearance! Heights and Depths  
Of mortal Wisdom, Learning, Policy,  
Th' admired Schemes of best Philosophy,  
Exactest Knowledge of the heavenly Spheres  
And all Celestial Motion; none of this  
The Soul can fortify with Joy to pass  
That dread, that awful Gate, that naked turns  
To fix'd unchang'd Eternity! No Birth,  
Baptism or outward Show, Endowments sweet,  
Fair Dispositions, nat'ral, moral Charm,  
Will arm Victorious for that Combat fierce,  
That last Encounter with infernal Pow'rs,  
That Cast for immortality! Ah no!  
No, 'tis a vital, powerful, heav'n-sprung Faith,  
A firm Reliance on the Prince of Life,  
Wrapt in his glorious, righteous Robe, and wash'd  
In his atoning Blood, the sacred Stamp  
Of his own heavenly Likeness wearing fair,  
Wrought by th' eternal Spirit of Grace, 'tis this,  
And only this, th' immortal Soul can cheer  
In all the Horrors of that dreadful Time.  
This, this alone, can Death disarm, unting,

In Balsam dip his Dart, triumphant this  
Alone can render us, sedate and calm;  
Free this vain World to quit, and meet our Judge,  
When cited to that last Tribunal high.  
This'tis, his horrid ghastly Visage grim,  
Hideous Dismay! can change, and give Death Charms  
Celestial Fair, as beauteous Angel Kind,  
That comes to call us to eternal Bliss.

T H U S stands the Case with intellectual Man,  
Prince of Terrestrial Being, trav'ling on  
To everlasting State: Futurity,  
Boundless, eternal, glorious or forlorn  
Eager expects him, and no Power can tell  
How soon the Great and universal King  
May fix his final and eternal Doom.

W H A T though the Heav'ns dissolve not, nor the  
Stars

Their various Orbs forsake, nor dismal Gloom  
Involve the Universe: What though the Skies  
Resound not with blasting Thunder, nor the Blaze



Of thousand Lightnings Flashes, all around  
Kindling in Flames ! What though the Trump Divine  
With awful Summons and terrific Blast  
Sound not, nor Tombs by Myriads open fly  
Rendring their Dead ! What tho' the flaming Spheres  
Cleave not in 'twain, an ample Passage bright  
For Heav'ns high Judge, descending to prepare  
With dazling Cherubs throng'd ! Nor Firmament  
Brighten with splendor of his radiant Throne,  
And all th' attendant inf'nite dreadful Pomp  
And awful Grandeurs of that Glorious Day !  
Nature may stand, and thousand Times the Sun  
His annual Race may run, and still revolve  
Alternate Season. Thousand beauteous Springs  
Charming and gay may still return, and Field  
With verdant Herb and Flow'rs ambrosial deck,  
And warbling Birds afresh re-stock the Woods,  
Tuning melodious : Thousand glorious Crops  
Of fair and stately Train the Earth may crown  
With heavenly Bounty : Thousand Autumn's rich  
With lib'ral Hand, her plentuous Stores unlade  
Of golden Fruits : While Snow and Ice and Cold,

And rugged Blasts, and gloomy sable Clouds  
In dismal Scenes may thousand Winters show,  
Thus may the Earth her various Seasons hold  
In Revolution long, and frequent shift  
By Change successive, transient Tenant Man  
In numerous Ages, but when Death invades  
The mortal Body and transmits the Soul  
To World invisible, 'tis all to her.  
As though the Sun were darkned, and the Frame  
Of universal Nature flam'd, and heard  
The rending Sound of Arch-angelick Trump,  
And saw the Heav'ns to reel, the Earth to shake,  
The Dead arise, and all the World dissolve.  
'Tis all to her as if the Judge were come  
In solemn Process and with glorious Train,  
And Time gave up to vast Eternity.  
For strait she passes to his awful Bar  
Judicial, there immediate Doom receives  
Private, particular, but unrevers'd  
And finally decisive, thence dispatch'd  
And fix'd immutably in glorious Bliss  
Or fiery Vengeance to Eternity!

Now then, not one among the Sons of Men,  
Though with the utmost mortal Bliss enclos'd  
And earthly Glory, flourishing in Health  
Vig'rous and strong, from Symptom of last Change  
Remotely free, but e're sweet Morning Sun,  
May unresisted be surpriz'd away,  
And bear his final Doom! Swift as a Post,  
An Arrow, or an Eagle wings away  
The fleeting Time of Life, unurg'd beyond  
Nature's careering Course, and hasterh on  
To reach the destin'd Period: O! but then,  
What thousand thousand incidental Shocks  
Which in a Moment, in a Turn of Hand,  
Or Beat of Pulse, the Twine of Life may snap  
And all to shivers dash the brittle Frame,  
Hover perpetual round, and only wait  
Divine Permission to involve forthwith  
In instant Death! How many blooming Youths  
In Prime and Pride of Life, when sprightliest Health  
And vig'rous Blood beat high through all their Veins,  
Sudden with faded Cheek have dropt, have dy'd

(When



(When all around was Young and Green and Gay)  
Swept by the rapid Stream of sudden Death.  
Clear was their Morning Sun, and flatt'ring Shot  
Her golden, glorious Beams, but fable Death  
Long e're it gain'd Meridian Lustre bright,  
With unexpected Hand a mortal Cloud  
On all its Glory threw; it stop'd, declin'd,  
And sudden set in everlasting Night.  
Like as a beauteous Flower in Summer's Field  
That springs and smiles with orient Colours fair,  
And prides in Morning Bloom, by Ev'ning Scythe,  
'Tis cut, and all its withering Beauty dies.  
When with Commission from on high, Death comes  
To arrest a Soul, and summons him away  
From this terrene Abode, and all he knows  
All that he sees, enjoys of Sense and Time,  
Into an everlasting State to launch,  
A new, an awful World, a Strange for ever!  
No Pow'r, no Beauty, Honour Wealth or Wit,  
That Sergeant terrible can daunt, can bribe;  
Deaf and inflexible to all the Charms,  
To all the Tears of Mortals.

BUT

B U T with full Pow'r invested from above  
 The King of Fear his pale Steed mounts, and void  
 Of Pity or Distinction, dire comes on  
 In gloomy Pomp ! His Army marshals dread  
 Of sharp Diseases, and before him sends  
 As fierce Van-Guard, or Pioneers, t' attack  
 The Fort, e're since that fatal *Eden* Sin  
 Brittle become, and doom'd by Heav'n to fall.  
 Some deadly Sicknefs, or distracting Pains,  
 Wasting Consumption, or the sultry Flames  
 Of raging Fever ; or the weakning Pang  
 Of some dire Malady, first breaks the Ground,  
 Seizes the Outworks and invades the Fort.  
 Now tallest Cedars bow, and fairest Flow'rs  
 Languish with all their Charms ; Imperial Heads  
 Stop their vast Thoughts, and all their Projects die.  
 Doleful Ideas crow'd, and dismal Paint  
 The World's best Scene ; insipid, tasteless now  
 The sprightliest Joys of Sense ; sweet Rest takes Wing  
 From hideous Tossings and nocturnal Groans :  
 Now deadly Faintings, and now fiery Flights

Wither the Strength, and brightest Beauty blasts  
Of Nature's stateliest Dome; lay wast unseen,  
And for grim Death's Advances pave the Way.  
When Ghastly all, and Wan, in Person come,  
Array'd with Horror and the dreadful Shades  
Of endless Night, and vast Eternity  
In awful Train, he with relentless Hand,  
Insatiate with the Fall of Millions won,  
Springs all the Mines, and blows the Man to Dust.

H A P P Y ! ah, happy then th' immortal Soul,  
That safely anchor'd in Redeemer dear,  
By precious Faith, by new and heavenly Birth,  
Stands safely guarded from eternal Wreck,  
Amidst the Dark Tempestuous Waves of Death,  
That universal Storm, all must ride out  
Or perish overwhelm'd ! Thrice Happy Soul !  
Blest with the Favour of the Great Supreme !  
And in the Arms, the reconciled Arms  
Of sov'reign Deity embrac'd, become  
His Rest, his Center and exceeding Joy,  
All things conspire with undissenting Voice

His



His truest Good, and best Felicity.  
 During his Sojourn in this Vale of Tears  
 By various Providence alternate tried  
 That in perplex'd and mazy Labyrinth  
 Mysterious often seems to hold her Way,  
 By heavenly Hand of Love to Mortals veil'd,  
 He's led, he's guided, and conducted safe  
 Through all the Windings, all the intricate  
 Seeming Confusions, that his Soul distress  
 Tempt and disquiet, oft embitt'ring deep  
 His earthly Pilgrimage. All things contriv'd  
 By deepest Counsel, in divine Decree  
 And glorious Plan from Everlasting fix'd,  
 As best the Soul's eternal Hope would friend,  
 Wise and Almighty Love with fixed Eye  
 And steady Hand through all the blest Design pursues

AND when unerring Wisdom shall discern  
 All things concur to render best the Time  
 For his dislodgment from this earthly House,  
 Weak and inglorious, and his Herald, Death  
 Shall send to call him to supernal Bliss,

No Sin, no Sorrow ever more to know,  
 With Joy, with Rapture, the glad Soul accepts  
 The welcome Message, all on fire to reach  
 That glorious Presence! those Celestial Arms!  
 His long desired Port.  
 In all his Sickness, all his mortal Pains  
 Divine Compassion with the tend'rest Hand  
 Makes his Bed downy and his Curtain draws  
 His Slips and Wand'rings, wail'd with Greif sincere,  
 As with a Mantle hidden lie, expung'd  
 Divine Remarks Vindictive, by the Blood,  
 Th' invaluable Blood of Jesus; spreading Blis  
 Through each glad Power of the transported Soul,  
 Bright Beams of Glory shine from Heav'n's approach!  
 And brighter Smiles of blest Redeemer near  
 Lighten the gloomy Vale with cheerful Ray  
 Make him Victorious, long to take his Flight,  
 And mingle Triumphs with dissolving Groans.  
 Gladly this transitory World he leaves  
 With all its empty and deluding Joys  
 To grasp his heav'nly Crown, and to possess  
 That rich, divine Inheritance above,

Immor

Immortal, undefil'd! With glad Farewell  
 For ever, and at once he bids adieu  
 To all the Sin and all the Sorrows deep  
 Of vile Mortality, and rapt'rous pants  
 To put on sinless Incorruption fair.  
 With ardent Longings and with fervent Prayers  
 For those by Nature, or th' attracting Ties  
 Of firmest Freindship to his Soul engag'd,  
 That they in all his glorious Hopes may share,  
 And shining, meet him in the heavenly World;  
 Freely he parts with all that's dear below,  
 Snaps the strict Bands of native Passions strong  
 To gain the Sight of his celestial Friends  
 And sweet Redeemer. Round his dying Bed  
 A glitt'ring Band of Guardian Seraphs stand,  
 Gladly attendant, and with Angel-speed,  
 Bear him triumphant in their Glorious Arms  
 Through all the Legions of the adverse Pow'rs,  
 Far above mortal Ken, to *Paradise*,  
 And shout him welcome to Celestial Joys!  
 No sooner landed on the blisful Coasts  
 But lo! in Bosom of Immortal Love

Divinely



Divinely folded strait, he raptur'd bears  
From the bright Throne, his Heav'nly Father say.  
" Freely belov'd from Everlasting, come  
" Behold the final and compleat Produce  
" The glorious Center and the great Refulc  
" Of my eternal Love ! For this it was  
" Myriads of Ages e're I gave thee Being  
" Out from the common Mass of lapsed Man  
" Sov'reign I chose thee, whelm'd in Ruin deep,  
" By me fore-seen, fore-known : For this it was  
" Freely I parted with my best Belov'd,  
" From my divine Embraces, gave him up  
" To Die Incarnate, that his Death might pave  
" Thy Passage hither, and a Title give  
" To all this boundless and immortal Bliss.  
" Hence I sent down m' Almighty Spirit free  
" To form, to change thee, and to introduce  
" A new, and heavenly Nature, rend'ring meet  
" For all this Glory ; and to Train thee up  
" For this Celestial State, has every Smile  
" And each dark Frown of varied Providence,  
" And all the Methods of my Grace combin'd.

" Here

" Here, happy Soul, thy Crown of Glory take,  
 " And wear to all Eternity; and fill  
 " This heavenly Mansion, and in this bright Robe  
 " Of Life for ever shine! Imperial Gift  
 " Of Grace triumphant! Henceforth evermore,  
 " Reap thou unsparing, all the copious Bliss  
 " Which my Almighty Wisdom, Pow'r and Love,  
 " And all Perfections of th' immense Supreme,  
 " Can yeild a rational and deathless Soul.  
 " That bankless Ocean of exalted Joys,  
 " And that vast Fulness of divine Content,  
 " Which from my Presence and my Right-Hand flows  
 " In all it's Compass, be for ever thine.

FORTHWITH, this said, the happy Soul transform'd  
 By Heav'n's unclouded Views, in Joys sublime  
 Raptur'd exults, in Love and Praise dissolves,  
 Caught in th' Embraces of the sov'reign Good!

PRECIOUS and sleeping, in the Grave, her Dust,  
 As in a Bed of sweet Repose is laid,  
 Which with kind Hand th' Almighty Spirit, secure  
 Guards,

Guards, still the glorious Resurrection Morn.  
When the whole Number of his dear Redeem'd  
Of his blest Body mystic, Members fair,  
Compleatly full become, Christ shall descend  
To Judge the World, and in the glitt'ring Train  
Of his Attendants, she shall then return  
To re-assume her long benighted Dust,  
The dear Companion, in her Pilgrim State,  
Of all her Griefs and Joys: Inglorious once  
Haply, but now Divinely bright and fair:  
Fully be there absolv'd, embrac'd and crown'd  
In universal Sight of Heav'n and Earth!  
Then soar aloft, and with the Angels mix  
That matchless, dread, magnific Scene to View,  
And all the Splendor of that final Day.  
Sit with the Judge, and by assenting Voice,  
Devils and all the Christless Rebels doom:  
Then re-ascend to heavenly Glory bright,  
In blissful Love and Praise for evermore to dwell.

B U T now, the Soul unreconcil'd to God  
By Christ the only Mediator dear;

E

That



That with his Sov'reign Lord at variance stands  
Justly incens'd, and in Rebellious Arms  
Defies his Maker; by prophane Contempt  
And impious Course, or base supine Neglect  
Of tender'd Heavenly Grace; this is the Man,  
(And wretched is his Case!) who all among  
The glorious Bravery of this World, or what  
He else may hold his best and chiefest Good  
Startles and faints, and stands aghast at Death  
Hideous, abhor'd! the gloomy doleful Thought  
And melancholy Prospect still intrude,  
And with sharp Tangs his choicest Pleasures dash.  
Fain would he banish from his Breast, Beleid  
Of after-reck'ning and a future World,  
Which on each Joy such mournful Colours throws;  
But all in vain: Connat'ral to his Being,  
Deeply inlaid, the dark Idea strong  
Dreadful recoils, and fierce as Scorpions Sting  
Tortures internal; 'midst a *Paradise*  
Of worldly Blifs, in dismal Bondage held  
Through Fear of Death and everlasting Doom.  
Stranger to true Contentment and Repose

From all the vain diffusive Joys of Sense,  
 (For what can comfort where a God contends?)  
 In empty Wishes and tormenting Fears  
 His worthless Days he spends : And when Death comes  
 In solemn Message from th' eternal Judge,  
 Forthwith to cite him to his awful Bar,  
 Then all is dismal, all is dire amaze,  
 Horror, Confusion and tumultuous Woe,  
 And every Fear revives, and every Comfort dies.

RENT from his fading, fancy'd Heav'n below,  
 Deplier reluctant that Divorce he wails  
 (Deluded Wretch !) than from the Sov'reign Good  
 Eternal Separation. Wishful Eyes  
 Still on this vain, inglorious World he throws,  
 Fondly enchanted with her painted Scenes,  
 (Which more Vexation yielded far than Bliss)  
 And mindless of those heavenly Joys above  
 For ever here would dwell : So far by Sin  
 Is sunk degenerate Man, to disaffect  
 His own Original, despise his Birth,  
 And all the Glories of his native Home.

HAPPY howe'er for unrenewed Man  
In the dark Terrors of approaching Death,  
If this were all the Conflict. Fearful 'tis,  
Shocking, and sad enough for hapless Mind,  
That knows no future, no superior Bliss,  
Or none can justly hope, at once to leave  
All his fantastick Pleasures here below,  
And on the awful Shore to take Farewel  
An everlasting, long Farewel of all  
Comforts, Acquaintance, Friends, Possessions, Life,  
And by himself the boundless Ocean launch  
Of vast, unknown Eternity, nor Wee  
Nor Bliss attendant. But with Train august  
Of glorious Joys or Terrors infinite  
Death comes to all. And now the guilty Soul,  
Deaf once, as Adder, to all heavenly Charm,  
Insulting Scoffer at Things yet unseen,  
Thousand terrific Meditations sad  
Trembling revolves! The Tempter *Satan* now  
Turns fierce Accuser, and in Dev'lish rage  
Dreadful with fiery Darts the Soul assails



Incessant! Lightn'd Conscience now inflam'd  
 (Though most that horrid Gulph securely shoot,  
 Silent and thoughtless, till amidst the Flames  
 Of *Tophet* plung'd, they find they're quite undone.)  
 Long in lethargick Stupor wrapt, begins  
 Direful to hiss, and with infernal Stings  
 Fasten on inmost Soul; eternal Things  
 Now in their vast, momentous Weight appear  
 Unveil'd and awful! And the World as Trash  
 Vain and deluding, empty Cheat, is spurn'd  
 With highest Indignation! Now the Soul  
 (But oft and almost universally,  
 Too late and all in vain) her Folly past  
 Astonishing laments, and Grace Divine,  
 That in this dolorous Plight alone can help,  
 Slighted disdain'd in Life, now stands far off  
 And mocks his Misery; Repent, Believe,  
 The wonted Subject of his impious Scorn,  
 (Which absent, haughtiest Mind shall ever rue)  
 The sinking Soul now finds more arduous far  
 Than brazen Mountains heave, "O! for one Drop,  
 (The fiery Conscience cries) "the smallest Drop

- " Of the Redeemer's Blood, to quench these Flames  
 " These inward Flames I feel ! O ! for a Skirt  
 " Of that Soul-saving Robe of righteousness  
 " To screen, to guard me from the burning Wrath  
 " Of an avenging God ! Ah ! for one Word,  
 " One Mediatorial Plea, to smoothe the Brow  
 " Of Deity incens'd, before I meet  
 " My angry Judge ! O ! might my Life renew ;  
 " Ne'er would I spend my precious Time so vain ;  
 " Ne'er would I fix my Hopes and Joys below ;  
 " I do ne'er believe the curst Tempter more ;  
 " Never would make a Mock of Sin, nor Saints  
 " Brand for vile Hypocrites ; nor thus neglect  
 " The great Salvation : Trifle ne'er would more  
 " As ah ! in Things eternal now I've done,  
 " Starving an Heav'n-born Soul, and pamp'ring Dust  
 " That soon must feed the Worms, and then feed Hell.

B U T strait the subtle Tempter once that hush'd  
 Th' awakn'd Soul, whisp'ring, " 'Tis yet too soon,  
 Hideous now roars insulting, " 'Tis too late !  
 " Too late and all in vain ! His deep, dark Train

Wildfire-like all with sudden Blaze enflames  
The wretched Soul, and each sad Pow'r confounds  
In horrible Combustion ! Comfort now,  
Prospect of Pard'ning Mercy none remains ;  
Th' all-saving Virtue of Redeeming Blood,  
Sov'reign, immense, and All-victorious Grace  
Urg'd and unfolded, richest Instance high,  
And brightest Monument of Love Divine ;  
None of all this the dismal Storm will lay,  
Or to least glimmering Hope the Soul can rear,  
Buried in Horror, lost in deep despair.

Around his doleful Bed an hideous Crew  
Of flaming Furies wait, that dreadful Watch  
Eager to hurry him to th' eternal's Bar :  
Whence (fatal Sentence giv'n) they plunge him down  
In everlasting Burnings ! There the Soul  
In anguish infinite, and speechless Woes,  
In flaming adamantyne Chains must howl !  
Till the curst Partner of her Crimson guilt  
To everlasting Shame aghast reviv'd  
At general Judgment ; Re-united sad,  
With vast solemnity they both shall then,

---

And



And dreadful Terror in the view of all  
 (As though alone Arraign'd and call'd by Name)  
 Be Judg'd, Condemn'd! With tort'ring Pangs sustain  
 Confusion exquisite! Derided, mock'd  
 With universal Scorn, and thence be flung  
 In infinite Disdain and Vengeance down  
 (With thousand times ten Thousand Fellow-damn'd)  
 To rowl for ever in the burning Lake!



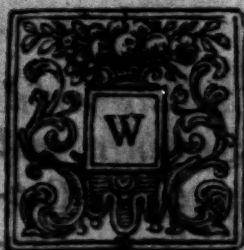


# JUDGMENT.

## The ARGUMENT.

*The awful Prelude; a Sudden and universal Darkneſs, with terrible Lightnings and Thunder, throwing all Nature into Convulſions. The Arch-Angels Trump, piercing the Graves, and ſummoning the Dead to Judgment. The Skies cleave and make Way for the deſcending Judge, and all the heavenly Hoſt. The Deſcription of the Judge and his Attendants. Firſt the Saints are openly Abſolv'd, Embrac'd, and Reward-  
ed*

ed in the Presence of the whole World, and then sit on Thrones to Judge the Wicked. Satan and his Angels Arraign'd and Condemn'd, together with all the Christless World; with heavier Doom on those that perish under the Gospel. The Saints now grown perfect in Love to Christ, regard not the Tears and Prayers of their once dearest Friends; but Triumph in their just Ruin. Millions of Cherubs, seconded with the Thunder of the Judge, hurl all the Damn'd into Hell, and bar her Gates for ever. The Saints and Angels return with Christ Triumphant into Heaven.



W H E N that Great Day, from everlasting fix'd

By Heav'ns Divine Decree, that alters not,

And in th' Almighty Father's Breast lock'd up

From Men and Angel's utmost Search, shall come;

In which the Veil of Sense shall rend in twain;

The Heav'ns dissolve, and all the Elements

Sweltring



Sweltring in Flames shall melt ! Faith become Sight,  
(Amazing change !) and Time Eternity !  
When hardiest Champions of Impiety  
Shall faint and change Complexion ; Sinners vile  
Their impious Scorn shall cease, and Infidels  
Trembling too late, the Truth shall own in vain.

T H E N shall thick Darkneſs re-invade the Skies,  
The Earth, the Deep, worſe than Egyptian Gloom ;  
And all the Works of Nature ſhall involve  
In univerſal Night ! Chill Horror dread,  
And ſad expecting Silence ſeizing all  
Terreſtrial Pow'rs amaz'd ! Tremendous Sign  
And Prelude of the World's *Cataſtrophe*  
And fatal Diſſolution ! Now begin  
The dreadful Peals of blaſting Thunder loud  
To ſhake the Poles of Heav'n, and rend the Skies,  
And ſhatter all to Wreck the beauteous Frame  
Of this inferior World ; and Terror ſtrike  
Through every Chriſtleſs Breſt ; while far and near  
The growing Tempeſt ſwells, and Thunders ſtill  
In hideous never-ceaſing Vollics rowl.

In

In glitt'ring Sheets of angry Fire, and wing'd  
 With swiftest Speed, with thousand Terrors arm'd,  
 Beyond its Native Light and Pow'r, the fierce  
 And fearful Lightning flies, with Vengeance ting'd!  
 Spreading its thick and direful Flashes through  
 The vast Expanse of Nature, all around  
 To kindle into Flames, and ne'er expire,  
 But in a total blazing Universe!  
 The Sun that noble Prince of Light, his task  
 Most fully done, and all his glorious Toil  
 To final Period come, his heavenly Race  
 Sudden shall stop astonied! and as though  
 Conscious of far superior Glory nigh,  
 And brighter Light approaching, veil his Beams  
 In everlasting Darkness! While the Moon,  
 In token of the dreadful Vengeance ripe  
 Of her vindictive Maker, ready now  
 To burst upon a wretched World, her Head  
 In mourning Sack-cloth hides, and turns to Blood!  
 The Stars and all the Constellations bright,  
 So heavenly Fair, so vast, so numberless,  
 Their shining Rays withdraw, their Aspects change,

And

# JUDGMENT.

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And all their hid, admired Influence shed,  
 Resign for ever! various Courses fix'd,  
 Strictly maintain'd for many thousand Years  
 Wandring they miss, and horrid Jars create  
 With vast Confusion: All to *Chaos* runs!  
 And Nature's self in ruful Groans expires!

MEAN while the awful Summons founded forth  
 By solemn Trumpet of th' Arch-Angel high  
*Arise ye Dead and unto Judgment come,*  
 Alarms the World! The dreadful piercing Blast  
 Of whose amazing, mighty Voice shall shake  
 Earth's inmost Center, and all Nature rouse  
 To quick, but sad Attention: Instantly  
 On all alive a wondrous Change shall pass  
 Equivalent to Death, while open fly  
 Millions of Graves forthwith! The marble Tombs  
 And glitt'ring Monuments of Kings, with all  
 The guarded Splendors that their Vaults adorn,  
 Without Distinction: Myriads up shall spring,  
 And thousand Times ten thousand thousand come  
 From every Wind and Quarter: Earth and Seas

F

With



With quick Dispatch deliver up their Charge,  
And join to fill the vast and boundless Plain.

W H I L E all the Nations of the World are thus  
By mighty Seraphims collected in ;  
And all the stubborn Fiends of Hell brought forth,  
Those grand Apostates, to receive their Doom ;  
With wild Affrights ! with infinite amaze !  
Transports of Terror ! racking mortal Dread !  
And exquisite Confusion, Death, Despair !  
To every Graceless, unbelieving Soul,  
The Skies shall cleave ! and as a Parchment Scrawl  
Shall shrivel up ! and with a fearful Noise  
Shall pass away ; and then shall strait appear  
That awful, High and everlasting Judge !  
From whose tremendous Face the Heavens shall flee,  
And all the Rebel-Spirits would gladly too ;  
But all in vain. Behold ! he comes with Clouds  
Celestial bright ! and every Eye shall see him :  
With all th' angelick Host encompass round,  
Cherub and Seraph, and each heavenly Pow'r,  
And all his precious Saints so dear redeem'd,

With

With shining Glory crown'd ! Illustrious Guard !

And bright Attendants all ! Yet far above

His splendid Retinue, his glorious Train,

Himself shall infinitely shine, array'd

With all his own, and all his Father's Glory !

His glist'ring Garment, white as Snow, far more

Than brightest Lightning dazles ! On his Head

Are many Crowns triumphal ! Piercing Flames

His quick All-seeing Eyes ! His radiant Face

In rich resplendent Lustre passing far

The Sun's Meridian Beams ! Conspicuous now

Ador'd Divinity ! all over clad

With Majesty supreme ! His heavenly Smiles

Transport with Extasy of Joy ; his Frowne

Torture with all the Pangs of Death and Hell.

A Crown of Life and Glory for each Saint,

Victorious, in his Right he holds, his Left

Vengeance and Fire, and thousand Thunders grasps

To blast his stubborn, unbelieving Foes

And all th' infernal Rebels : On he comes

With all his dreadful Pomp ; triumphant shouts

And Acclamations, with celestial Sounds  
 From thrice ten hundred thousand Trumpets loud  
 And heavenly Voices sweet and strong, that breathe  
 Angelick Harmony and solemn Joy,  
 Mingled with Terror! Thus descending flow  
 From mid'st of Heav'n in grand Majestick State  
 And on his high Tribunal-Seat Enshron'd  
 As Sov'reign, sole, and universal Judge  
 Of Men and Angels, and without Appeal,  
 To pass their awful, everlasting Doom,  
 The Great Assize begins! - - - -

A N D first the Saints, now gladly repossess  
 Of their dear Dust enobl'd, ancient Mates,  
 By Death long separated, fashion'd now,  
 Their Saviour-like, surpassing Bright and Fair,  
 That shine like Myriads of immortal Stars!  
 Fearless stand forth, and unabash'd in midst  
 Of all that spacious crowded Theatre  
 Of great Spectators! Confluence vast and dread,  
 Of the whole human and angelick Race  
 Spotless and fal'n; the glorious Judge himself



More awful Presence than a thousand Worlds!  
In view of every intellectual Being  
Th' eternal King, each happy, faithful Soul,  
With inf'nite Grace, and solemn Port shall then  
Absolve, embrace, and all their Names confess,  
Immortal Dignity! Their righteous Works,  
Secret or open, more or less, that sprang  
From Faith and Love unfeign'd, and to his Praise  
From upright Hearts (Himself the only Judge)  
Sincerely were devoted; all the Acts  
And various hidden Exercise of Grace,  
Faith, Hope, Repentance, Patience, Charity  
And Love Divine; with others conscious none  
But his Omniscient Eye; and all the Wrongs,  
Torments and Suff'rings, cruel Mocks and Taunts,  
Which for his heav'nly Truths and glorious Name  
They meekly underwent from seeming Friends  
Or barb'rous Persecutors; all shall then  
Before that solemn, vast and dreadful Court  
Be openly rehears'd, applauded, crown'd,  
And by that Righteous Arbiter Supreme  
Highly rewarded with celestial Crowns,

Yet Free and Sov'reign: All their Slips and Falls  
 With diabolick Malice so inflam'd  
 And heightn'd by the World; Repentance true  
 Wrought by th' eternal Spirit, and precious Faith  
 In this Redeemer's Blood, and shrowded now  
 Beneath his perfect Righteous, glorious Robe,  
 These all shall then in deep Oblivion hid  
 Remain for ever veil'd: Or so disclos'd  
 As only to endear and aggrandize  
 The glorious Grace, the unconceiv'd Delight  
 Of publick Absolution! Or perhaps  
 To show before the vast collected Mass  
 Of intellectual Being once for all,  
 Th' intrinsic Difference, hid, but vast and true,  
 His searching, penetrating Eye discerns  
 (That inmost Thoughts of human Nature views  
 With all its Principles) betwixt the Works  
 Of re-born Souls, with all their Failings wail'd  
 And fairest Shew of unregen'rate Man.  
 With jealous, tender, and Almighty Hand,  
 Full of divine Affection, all their Tears,  
 Invidious Treatment, and unjust Disgrace

He then shall wipe away, and from himself  
 Fountain of Being, Life and Dignity,  
 Standard of Loveliness, shall them invest  
 With heavenly Honours! On their Foes he'll frown  
 With fiery Indignation, and their tart,  
 Sarcastick Taunts retort, through all their Pow'rs  
 Scatt'ring Confusion and vindictive Flames.

T H U S shall the Saints in solemn sort august  
 In view of all that infinite, sublime,  
 Immortal, Concourse, full Discharge receive  
 From all the Indictments, Justice, Conscience, Law,  
 Satan and Sin and every adverse Power  
 Jointly can bring, by him whose Throne supreme  
 Knows no Appeal, whose Justice none can tax,  
 His Mission challenge, or his Doom reverse.  
 But universal Nature shall applaud  
 His just Proceedure, and with loud Acclaim  
 Adore their heavenly Sov'reign, thus resolv'd:  
 Nor Man nor Angel, that Advent'rous dare  
 To move a Tongue, or lift a Thought controul  
 Then from his flaming, white and glorious Throne



In sight, in hearing of the World around  
With Smiles and Favour infinite shall say.

*YE Blessed of my heavenly Father, come,  
Possess the Kingdom that for you has been  
Ere the Foundations of the World prepar'd!*

**TRANSPORTING Sentence ! Beatifick Words !**  
That breathe forth nothing but immortal Love !  
**Compleat Beatitude ! Angelick Life !**  
**Divine Fruition ! Everlasting Rest !**  
**Celestial Paradise and endless Joys,**  
**Matchless, unknown, unfading, infinite !**  
**With Crowns and Palms, and Robes of heavenly Light,**  
**Ensigns of Honour, Victory and Joy**  
**And Bliss consummate ! with exulting Shout**  
**Of Loyal Spirits, the glitt'ring Host of Saints**  
**Fill their respective Thrones ! A solemn Part**  
**In all the Process of that dreadful Day**  
**Thenceforth to bear : As Co-assessors sit**  
**With Christ the Judge supreme, and all his Acts,**  
**(Stupendious Dignity !) approve, applaud,**

And

And join Assent, without Appeal to pass  
Decisive at that Audit last and Great!  
Imperial Tyrants, bloody Monarchs now  
Of all their Regal splendor disarray'd  
And Pow'r abus'd, shall trembling stand abash'd  
Before those numerous, dread, judicial Thrones,  
Arraign'd by them whom once they scorn'd and slew  
And lowest Saint shall proudest Devil Judge.

AGAIN th' Arch-Angels Sound, and mighty Trumps  
By Myriads of immortal Seraphs blown,  
Utter their dire Alarm! Thunders again  
Their deadly Peals repeat, and fierce begin  
Dreadful to rowl anew! The angry Blaze  
Of blasting Lightning Flashes all around  
With seven-fold Rage! A strong resplendent Light  
Reflected from the Radiant Bodies bright  
Of many Millions of triumphant Saints  
Illumins all that boundless Theatre  
More than ten Thousand Suns! To open view  
Clearly conspicuous each eternal Wretch  
And guilty Criminal! The frowning Judge

With

With angry Visage stern, and vengeful Lie  
 Dreadful diffuses through the Crowd aghast  
 Secret Impresses of his fiery Wrath  
 Invisible, with vast terriffick Awe  
 And solemn Silence ! Now through all their Veins  
 Horror again runs Chil, th' approaching Doom  
 Dreading, with thousand Wishes never to have been

T H E N shall th' infernal Host and cursed Rout  
 Of Rebel-Angels fal'n, once glorious, fair,  
 Noble, Celestial Creatures, now revert,  
 Be manded forth. Innumerable Throngs  
 Of mighty Spirits, Cherub and Seraphim,  
 Long since of all their heavenly Glory stript,  
 As Pris'ners of eternal Justice, stand  
 Shiv'ring in Chains ! Their haughty stubborn Minds  
 Quell'd with superior Pow'r and Majesty  
 Lightning Divine, now faint, and trembling view  
 The bright Tribunal ! In the horrid Van  
 Of those apostate Legions, (wretched Chief)  
*Satan* confounded stands ! In his dire Looks  
 Pride, Envy, Malice, Rage, consummate Guilt,

Utter



# J U G M E N T . I

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Utter Confusion and compleat Despair  
 And Horror past Conception seem to reign  
 Alternate dreadful ! All about he stands  
 Laden with Guilt and Charges infinite  
 Beyond his prime Revolt, that threw him down  
 In everlasting Chains : Millions of Sins  
 That Stars and Atoms, Sands and Ocean-Drops  
 And Numbers self would fail to count, which through  
 The num'rous Ages of the World he wrought  
 By Men through Infligation : All his own  
 Spiritual, sublime, capacious Wickedness,  
 Transcendent, great, invisible, that flow'd  
 As simple and perpetual Issues from  
 His curst and devilish Nature : All the pure  
 Invet'rate Hate and Malice rank with which  
 His dark infernal Stratagems he laid,  
 Pointed at God and Goodness, all shall now  
 By Christ his Judge, in Presence of the Saints  
 And holy Angels all, and all the World  
 Be fearfully disclos'd and open laid  
 To publick Censure and Disgrace, and all  
 With treble Vengeance on himself recoil.

When

When the Omniscent Everlasting King  
 Shall rip his inmost Thoughts and secret Depths  
 And all the Methods of his Wiles unfold  
 When in his odious Colours thus expos'd  
 B' eternal Wisdom's self, in strongest Light,  
 As Mark of everlasting Infamy,  
 Derision, Scorn, to all the Spirits in Bliss,  
 And hideous Bans to the deluded World,  
 Confusion infinite will seize the Fiend  
 And all his left Companions! Guilty found  
 To thousand thousand high Indictments black  
 With Aggravations never known till now,  
 They fall in Judgment! And with Wrath divine  
 And universal Hiss and glorying Triumph  
 Of Saints and Seraphims, aside are thrown  
 T' await and then to share their Fellow-Pris'ners Doom!

Now must the wretched Race of all Mankind  
 (From Adam to the last Created Soul)  
 Who never were by true and lively Faith  
 Chang'd and transplanted into Christ, appear  
 Before his Judgment Seat! Distinctions now

Betwixt the Great and Mean, the Weak and Wise  
Which sway the little Minds of mortal Men  
To Adoration or unjust Disdain,  
His awful Bar knows none. Illustrious Kings,  
Imperial Monarchs, Nobles, Heroes fam'd,  
Statesmen renown'd, grave Judges, Prelates learn'd,  
Blended with poorest Slaves and Peasants, throng  
The level Plain. Not all the glitt'ring Robes,  
Scepters and dazzling Crowns that once they wore,  
Not all their Honour, Learning, Wisdom now  
Their Minds can cheer, or Moment's Respite gain  
Or smallest Favour partial, from that strict  
Incorruptible Judge. The fading Joys  
Imaginary Scenes and Dreams of Bliss,  
That once their vain deluded Minds enwrap:  
Those fleeting transitory Shadows, which  
With empty Wind their Spirits immortal fed,  
And all the false, seducing Charms of Sense  
Are now for ever fled! And nought remains  
But dismal Prospects of impending Woe,  
Terror, Confusion, Darknefs, Guilt, Despair,  
And sudden Sentence to eternal Flames!



To curst Bodies fore-unwilling join'd,  
 To endless Shame and vile Dishonour rais'd,  
 Disastrous! Marr'd by Sin, suffus'd, convuls'd  
 With inward Agony and Guilt, the vast  
 And hideous Multitude their Trial dread,  
 Trembling attend!

W H E N now th' All-wise and All-discerning King,  
 Who sees and judges not as Mortals do,  
 Shall strictly measure and exactly scan  
 The Truth and Worth of Actions: Scrutinize  
 Secret and Selfish, false and oblique Ends  
 And Principles corrupt from whence they sprang,  
 Not one of all those glitt'ring Works that here  
 Dazl'd the Eyes of Men, and wisest Saints  
 Have oft deceiv'd, shall pass the searching Test  
 Of that Tribunal. Void of vital Faith  
 And precious Part in Christ's atoning Blood,  
 (Sole Recommendation to Divine Regard)  
 The fairest Shew of Moral Righteousness,  
 Strictest Devotion seeming, num'rous Tale  
 Of outward Duties, then as monstrous Rags,

With infinite Disdain shall be abhor'd  
And stand condemn'd ! And all the dreadful Weight  
Of vengeful Justice, due to every Sin  
(An interposing Saviour having none)  
Themselves must bear : And now must every Thought  
So much as wandering ; every Act though good,  
Swerving the least ; and every ilde Word  
Be answer'd for : What unthought Horror then !  
And Soul-amazing Guilt ! What deep Distress !  
Anguish and Pain, and Dread will swiftly seize  
The wretched Wights, when all their ghastly Sins,  
Prodigious Deeds ! And bold Impieties !  
Their horrid, faithless, barb'rous, brutish Works  
In all their dreadful Colours shall appear  
Upon that Last and Universal Stage  
Of Men and Angels all in view ! And when  
Th' incens'd Judge, inflexibly severe,  
Inexorable, his Omniscient Eye  
Shall dart on Conscience, and shall it enflame  
With quick and fierce Reflections : Light spring in  
Piercing and penetrating bright, the Mind  
T' irradiate, and th' ungrateful Mem'ry 'wake

To thousand Crimes and Follies long forgot :  
Which the great King from his judicial Throne  
Shall clearly open, and of all their Veils  
Specious Disguises fair, at once divest,  
And by his strict, eternal, perfect Law  
Their hateful Nature show, their Numbers sum,  
And dreadful Aggravations deep reveal,  
With dire Amaze ! Their Sins will then be found  
Exceeding sinful, vile beyond compare !  
As Mountains big, as Atoms infinite !  
The Secret hidden Works of Darkeness now  
That shun'd the Light, and thickest Covert sought  
From Mortal Eye, and human Justice 'scap'd :  
Impure, revengeful, base censorious Thoughts,  
That revell'd in the Heart without Controul  
Invisible to Men ; unjust Disdain,  
Malice and Envy, Falseness, Unbelief,  
Hardness, Impenitence and proud Contempt  
Of Christ and heavenly Grace and Wrath to come,  
(With outward Reputation once indulg'd)  
And all the guilty Scenes of secret Sin,  
Which never Eye could see, nor Ear betray

But



But his who is all Eye, and form'd the Ear ;  
 These all shall forth, and on the Sinner's Front  
 With everlasting Shame be blazon'd out  
 In Face of Heaven and Earth and all as clear  
 As brightest Sun on Wall of *Chrystal* shines.

CONVINCE'D, confounded, all abash'd, the World  
 Arraign'd and cast and Self-condem'd shall stand  
 Speechless and Shiv'ring ! Guilty all pronounc'd !  
 All Guilty found, not Guilty all alike.  
 Happy *Sidonian* Sinner ! Happy wild  
*Arabian* Salvage ! Happy *Indian* Slave !  
 That never of a Blest Redeemer heard ;  
 On whom the glorious Gospel never shone ;  
 Nor holy Spirit --- quench'd ; thrice happy they !  
 To those forlorn, bewitch'd and miscreant Souls  
 That thousand thousand earnest Calls refus'd  
 And golden Seasons fair ! The Pow'rs to come,  
 Tasted and then despis'd ! A Saviour spurn'd  
 With all his melting Love ! The sov'reign Spirit,  
 Frequent in close and kind Convictions chek't,  
 And half-perswaded, turn'd from Heav'n again :

That

That under specious Shew of pious Course  
 And strict Devotion, past their wretched Days  
 Strangers to Christ, and Unbelievers died  
 In midst of *Goshen* Light ! O *British Isles* !  
 Happy to you the dark Egyptian Towns  
 The Sun of Righteousness that never saw  
 Shedding his glorious Beams : That never were  
 In Terms of dearest Love besought t' accept  
 A bleeding Saviour to prevent the Death  
 Of their immortal Souls : Happy to you !  
 Those barb'rous *Heathens*, gross Idolators.  
 Eternal Vengeance such shall lighter far  
 Thundring sustain, though easiest Place in Hell  
 With unimagi'd Griefs and Tortures burns  
 Excludes eternal Bliss, infers immortal Woe !

N o w must the Rebel-Angels all stand forth !  
 Again they're cited, and again must make  
 Their terrible Appearance ! Glad they would,  
 Though cloath'd with noble, intellectual Forms  
 Angelick and immortal, strait dissolve  
 To their origin'd Nothing ! Glad to hide  
 In Rocky Caverns or behind the Veil

Of an eternal Cloud! Yea quick descend  
 To their infernal fiery Holds direct,  
 They'd infinitely chuse, no more to see  
 The Lamb Divine triumphant! So they dread  
 The Presence of their Judge, his killing Frowns  
 And awful Glory! But superior Pow'r  
 Binds them in Chains invincible, and forth  
 Reluctant brings! With infinite dismay  
 Again they tremble and assay to flee,  
 But all in vain! With the Rebellious World  
 Whom their Temptations from Allegiance drew,  
 They now must stand before th' eternal Throne  
 In dismal Ranks to share the fatal Doom.  
 Then shall the Just and All-avenging Judge  
 With frowning Terrors dread, and angry Looks,  
 That deeper strike than thousand Scorpion Stings  
 And with a Voice of blasting Thunder, say,

**DEPART from me, y' accursed, damned Crew!**

**Depart! And into everlasting Fire,**

**Prepar'd for Satan and his Angels, flee!**



O Words tormenting ! insupportable !

Big with eternal Death and Sorrow ! O Doom !

Dreadful yet just ! Which with it still involves

Ten thousand Terrors, Tortures, Griefs, Despairs

Th' undying Worm, and Fire that none can quench,

Darkness and Chains and Groans and Wretchedness

Unknown ! unspeakable ! And worse than all,

Utter exclusion from the Joys of Heav'n,

Consummate Woe ! Swift from around his Throne

That dreadful-bright with fiercest Lightning shines

And glows with deadly Thunder, issue forth

Millions of flaming *Cherubs* ! Inf'nite Shrieks !

Despairing Outcries, Lamentations dire !

Fruitless Repentings, Pray'rs and dismal Sighs

Torment the Air, and rend the Skies in vain !

Not all the Bowels of tend'rest Friends,

Not all the soft and kind Endearments which

From Nature or Acquaintance once did flow ;

Nor all their hideous Moans and dreadful Doom

Shall now one pitying Look, one soothing Tear,

One interposing Offer gain ; not one ;

From

From those that once with softest Pity earn'd  
And melted over them, and oft besought  
With Tears and Pray'rs and many a moving Groan  
Their precious, everlasting Souls to mind,  
The dread Suspense of whose eternal State  
Was wont to pierce them, and could one ev'n wish'd  
Themselves accurst that they might ever happy Live.  
But all those noblest Proofs of purest Love,  
Those tender Pledges of most dear Regard  
Are now no more! The sympathetic Springs  
Of Care, Compassion, that oreflow'd the Soul  
And swell'd so high, are now dried up and all  
The smallest Kindness in extreme Distress  
Is gone! For ever gone! And perfect now  
In love to Christ their dear Redeemer grown,  
Shall sing to see his dreadful Attributes,  
His Pow'r, Truth, Holiness, and Justice, shine  
In their eternal Ruin! *Jesus's* self  
Divinly Meek, Prince of all heavenly Love,  
That once so free for wretched Sinners bled,  
With unrelenting Hand shall Vengeance yield  
In fiery Flames! The dreadful Magazines

Of his vindictive Thunder ope, and with  
 His own Almighty, uncreated Pow'r  
 Second his flaming Ministers! To Hell  
 The Blast of his avenging Voice shall quick  
 Hurl th' accurs'd! On Millions, Millions rowl,  
 And flee his awful glorious Presence more  
 Than thousand Deaths! Beneath his ireful Arm  
 Those hardy, bold, Arch-rebels, stubborn Friends,  
 Th' apostate Angels, sink, and trembling own  
 His infinite Supremacy, and far  
 From all that's Happy, Glorious, Great and Good  
 Remain for ever flung! While Tophet now  
 With ten-fold Vengeance flaming, opens wide  
 To gorge its horrid Prey, and deep engulph  
 Millions of Men and Devils Judg'd to Hell.  
 Infinite Leagues of dark, wild, roaring Waste,  
 Impenetrable Chaos rowl between  
 The Saints delightful Paradise, and where  
 Th' infernal Dungeon groans: And now compleat  
 Her vast and dreadful Numbers, Heav'n shall bar  
 Her burning Adamantine Gates and throw  
 Eternal Chains across, and down 'em thence



To be for ever shut. Within confin'd  
 As proper Habitation there alone  
 All Sin and Misery driv'n down shall dwell:  
 Whilst still the Tempest of pursuing Wrath  
 Shall pierce the dismal Mansions, beating thick  
 Upon their naked Spirits; eternal Pow'r  
 Sustain their wretched Beings still to bear  
 Th' immediate Strokes of Sin-avenging Wrath,  
 Pure and Divine Infliction, (dreadful Thought!)  
 Through all Eternity! And languish thus,  
 Hated, unpitied, hopeless, unrepriev'd  
 (O dismal State of absolute Despair!)  
 In everlasting Groans, and never-dying Flames!

THE N shall the Saints in Triumph re-ascend,  
 With all the num'rous Hosts and shining Crowds  
 Of glorious Angels! Everlasting Joy  
 Crowning their Heads! And Shouts of Victory  
 Compleat, eternal, glorious sounding through  
 The vast *Celestial Regions*! And with Hymns  
 And heavenly Airs, and sweet immortal Strains  
 Of Harp and Voice, enter th' *Empyrean Heav'n*

Sing-

Singing th' eternal King! Thenceforth to spend  
A bright and blessed Immortality  
In *Beatifick Vision*! rapt'rous Sights  
Of Christ's transforming Glory, and endless sing  
Th' eternal Wonders of redeeming Grace!  
Embosom'd all in Arms of heavenly Love,  
With everlasting Joys emparadis'd!



HELL.



# H E L L.



## The ARGUMENT.

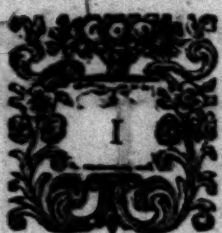
*The Horror of the Place. The exquisite Woe and Misery of being excluded the Supreme Good and all heavenly Bliss. The dreadful Agonies and Anguish that result from the immediate eternal Infliction of Almighty Wrath. The unspeakable Pains and Torments of the Body. The inward Grievs, Terrors and Tortures of the Guilty self-reflecting Mind. The opprobrious Insults of Damned Angels, though infinitely torment-*

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ed



*ed themselves. The direful Wailings,  
Bannings and Blasphemies of innumerable  
fellow Damn'd. And all absolutely with-  
out Hope of End, or the least Mitigation  
to Eternity.*



INFINITE Distance from Celestial Plains,  
Sever'd by mighty Gulph unpass'd and  
fix'd,  
By dark forbidding *Chaos* hemm'd, the  
vast

And flaming Furnace glows! Right dreadful built  
By Wisdom infinite provok'd; and fenc'd  
By Wrathful Pow'r Omnipotent, decreed  
Far from all human or divine Support  
With unregarded Groans for ever to resound.  
Where everlasting Fire and Darkness reign,  
And damping Gloom, and startling Horror chill!  
Where never Ray of cheerful Light shall shine,  
Nor smallest Drop of Consolation come!  
Where never Voice is heard, but loud Laments,  
And Sighs and piercing Groans! Where nothing's seen  
But of extremest Woe distracting Sights

Torment

Torment redoubling ! Nothing's felt or known,  
Nothing conceiv'd, but Anguish, Pain and Dread  
And hopeless, endless, Dolours ; where still prey,  
On the dire Wretches, endless sulph'rous Flames  
Yet unconsum'd ; while black Despair within  
Tortures insufferable ! No sweet Dawn  
Of heav'nly Hope, no precious healing Balm  
To antidote, the deadly Poison grows.  
But all is dismal, all is dread within,  
Without and all around : Vindictive Storms  
The doleful Regions fill, and dark reflect  
Eternal Night, in angry Tempest roar !  
Whence fierce and everlasting Lightnings pour  
Divine, immortal Vengeance down, and whence  
Ceaseless in Wrath eternal Thunder's rowl,  
There must the Damned dwell !

W H E N now the wretched and immortal Soul  
That supernat'ral happy Change ne'er found,  
By Faith united to Redeemer dear,  
Awful dislodges from terrene Abode,  
And to the eternal Regions takes her Flight,

With vast Confusion and with dire amaze  
 All in a moment She cries out *Undone*  
*And lost beyond Reprieve!* Those furious Fiends  
 That with Heav'n's State, all heav'nly Graces left,  
 Revengeful seize her strait, and down she's hurl'd  
 To their infernal, fiery, dark Abode  
 Plung'd in eternal Elames! Too late awake,  
 Struck with the sudden dreadful Change, her vast  
 And everlasting Thoughts around she throws  
 And drinks immortal Woe, and pines, and shrieks,  
 Wrapt in strong Chains of Fire, Despair and Death.

FIRST then in deadly Pangs the Soul reflects  
 And her self finds for ever, of Heav'n forsook,  
 Cut off, and banish'd from the Blessed God,  
 Her only Sov'reign and Eternal Good,  
 Immur'd in Flesh, immerst in vain Delights,  
 Or in short Grievs and Cares as vain, involv'd,  
 O'er all her Pow'rs a Veil of Darkness thrown  
 By Sin, unconscious, unattentive to  
 Her spiritual, precious ever-during Frame;  
 The wretched Soul no loftier Good pursu'd,

With'd



With'd or confess'd, beyond the fordid Bounds  
Of Sense and Time ; divine and future Blifs  
Diftasting, disbelieving, spurn'd, disdain'd.  
Eternal Beauty's self could yield no Charms :  
Goodness immortal often smil'd in vain :  
The great Creator, dear Redeemer call'd ;  
Trifles, and Trash, and Death were far prefer'd.  
Endearments none the blinded Wretch could see  
Where alone Rest and Blifs for Souls can grow  
The all-containing Good and Fountain Fair.

BUT when the Soul from Bands of Clay releas'd  
And the Cloudy Mists of Sense disperse,  
That her bright Intellectuals dimm'd, and all  
Her just and proper Operations check't ;  
Sprung to the World of Spirits, now unconfin'd,  
Her own immortal native Vigour feels,  
Born for a boundless, everlasting State :  
When all the gay, enchanting Scenes of Time,  
Her fading flatt'ring Joys and gilded Baits  
That with infernal hidden Poison glow,  
And all the false and fatal Charms of Sin,

At once unmask and throw off all Disguise,  
And in their own detested direful Forms  
The sore deluded Wretch insulting Mock;  
While Vice and Vertue, Heav'n and Hell unveil'd,  
Now in their true eternal Distance shine!  
Deserted now of all her former vile  
Pleasures intoxicating, all her fond  
And courted Avocations vain to drown,  
And better Thoughts to banish, strait awakes  
In the starv'd Bosom of th' immortal Soul  
A strong, an everlasting Appetite  
For some Supreme, Eternal, Boundless Good,  
To quench her Thirst, to fill her vast Desires,  
And full Reply to all her Craving make;  
And that can be no less, and none but God.  
But O amazing Woe! That heav'nly Being  
That her capacious Pow'rs alone can fill,  
And to such mighty Wants Relief impart,  
Is gone! for ever gone! and never will  
One Look, one Glimpse, one Smile the Soul vouchsafe;  
One Ray of Light, one glimm'ring Beam of Love,  
Or distant Dawn, the dismal Mind to cheer  
With hop'd Return, through all Eternity!

Tor.

Tortur'd ! distrest ! With endless Wishes rack'd !  
 And Pantings infinite, she pines in vain.  
 Hungry she flies to snatch immortal Food,  
 But Food immortal there she none can find.  
 Scorch'd with infernal Heats, her Pow'rs athirst  
 Languish and long for living Water's Streams,  
 But there no Streams of living Water flow.  
 She mourns, she shrieks, and to the Heav'ns she throws  
 Her wild despairing Thoughts, and wilder'd Means  
 The boundless Object adequate, would reach  
 The Blest and Sov'reign Good, that once she spurn'd,  
 (That still retires beyond her speediest Flight)  
 Dearly now miss'd and sought but all in vain.

“ A God there is, (the wretched Miscreant cries)  
 “ A God of infinite Perfections bright !  
 “ Divinely-Glorious, Bountiful and Rich,  
 “ Of all Endearments, everlasting Source,  
 “ Great without Bounds, and Good without compare,  
 “ That pours immortal Bliss and Glory down  
 “ Plenteous on Heads and Hearts of happy Spirits,  
 “ Myriads of Myriads in eternal Love !  
 “ With whom in Life, co-equal Rank I hold, “ Birth



- " Birth and Capacity the deeper Woe!  
" A God thus infinitely Good there is  
" That intellectual Being alone can bless,  
" But (O! distracting Grief!) there's none for me!  
" I know him, says the Soul, I know him now  
" With infinite Attractives lovelier much  
" Than all the Saints, and all the Angels fair!  
" But I his glorious Face shall ne'er behold,  
" Nor one soft Smile, one favourable Look  
" From that supreme, eternal Beauty reap.  
" I know he's Good, immeasurably Good,  
" Fountain and Spring of all Benignity;  
" Centre of Love, a Confluence vast of Grace,  
" Not to b' expended by all finite Minds!  
" Millions embosom'd in his glorious Arms,  
" And from his Royal everlasting Stores  
" Richly replenish'd with immortal Joys,  
" Adore his Love and live for ever blest!  
" But I am banish'd from his heavenly Courts,  
" At an eternal Distance here confin'd  
" In Chains and Darkness, from his sweet Embrace  
" Whence all this Goodness flows, for ever barr'd!

" Not one small Grain from all the Magazines  
" Of his immense, imperial Bounty rich  
" Will e'er b' extended to refresh and cheer  
" My dol'rous Soul, in these infernal Shades  
" Regions of Woe! Famish'd with Want, with Thirst  
" Intolerable parcht, while all those Streams  
" Of Love and Mercy flow in Heav'n above,  
" Lo! here I languish, but I must not Die.  
" Clearly I now, but Ah! 'Tis now too late,  
" Too late! And all in vain: I clearly see,  
" That he that fashion'd my immortal Pow'rs,  
" And freely rank'd me above Brute, endow'd  
" With intellectual, everlasting Soul,  
" Form'd me capacious of no perfect Bliss,  
" Solid Content, but Emptiness and Woe  
" Short of his glorious Self, my sov'reign Good.

" PLAINLY I feel, (and O! the matchless Woe!)  
" Plainly I see, should all created Good  
" Be heap'd upon me, all the fond Delights  
" That once bewitch'd me so, were all enjoy'd  
" In full Perfection, to Eternity!

" Should

- " Should Saints, should Angels, all the Joys of Heav'n  
 " Conspire to bless me, all amass'd in one,  
 " Can ne'er my ever-craving Wishes fill,  
 " This vast, aspiring, everlasting Mind.  
 " None but the God, who first Existence gave  
 " And by his Pow'r this endless Being fram'd,  
 " Can make me happy; He alone can quench  
 " The tort'ring Flames I feel; his blissful Love,  
 " Countenance appeased and Divine Embrace.  
 " But O! the wounding, O! the deadly Thought!  
 " He 'tis alone, I know, can make me blest,  
 " And *Him*, I'm sure I ne'er shall happy see,  
 " Ne'er shall enjoy; nor from these distant Realms,  
 " Darksome and gloomy, his bright Throne behold,  
 " Or smallest Tokens of his Love receive  
 " And gracious Visits; but with high Disdain  
 " Flung from his Arms, forlorn and hopeless Wretch!  
 " Eternal outcast from his glorious Sight,  
 " In black Despair and Groans my Birth I rue  
 " Bereft of *God* --- Man's sov'reign Rest and Joy.  
 " O Grief! O Terror! Matchless Misery!  
 " Horrors unknown through all my Pow'rs run chill!



" O dread ! O fatal Doom ! can ne'er be shun'd  
 " Nor e'er endur'd ! Whither, ah ! whither now  
 " My hopeless Sparrows shall I cause to go ?  
 " While Sighs fly ecchoing through Eternity !  
 " Happy the Worms that on the Earth I saw  
 " And trampled on ; yea, happy Birds and Beasts !  
 " Plants, Stones and Trees, that there do senseless grow  
 " Senseless expire ; thrice happy they to me !  
 " No conscious Being, no intellectual Soul,  
 " Transmits them down, in endless Woes to pass  
 " A curst and dreadful Immortality.  
 " Mirror of Wretchedness ! extreme forlorn !  
 " Script of all Hope ! involv'd in fierce Despair !  
 " O Heav'ns ! O Hell ! O Damned Furies tell,  
 " What must I do, and whither shall I fly ?  
 " My Maker God, is gone, is gone for ever !

T H U S shall the Soul in endless Plaints deplore  
 This dreadful, matchless, everlasting Loss,  
 Which all created Being can ne'er supply,  
 Can ne'er retrieve, should all created Being  
 Combine to console the damned Soul.

Little as wretched Mortals now bethink,  
 Immerst in Sense, to spiritual Glories dead,  
 The tort'ring Chains, the everlasting Pangs,  
 The fierce sulphureous Flames that never die,  
 Wound not, nor pierce, nor overwhelm the Soul  
 So deep so deadly as that blasting Thought,  
 Utter Exclusion from th' eternal Good.  
 With Pow'rs too late awak'd, they then will find  
 'Tis Hell in Hell, to lose that Heav'n of Heav'n.

DREADFUL, 'tis true, and more than Heart can think  
 Or Angels Tongue can tell, to bid adieu  
 To all the Joy, to all the glorious Bliss  
 Which an immortal Nature can imbibe  
 And grasp to all Eternity! Yet well,  
 Unhappy Wretch, if there his Woes might end.

BUT now the dismal Wight for ever flung  
 From every Hope, and all the Joys of Heav'n,  
 From everlasting Goodness sever'd quite,  
 Eternal Justice whets the glitt'ring Sword  
 And deals immortal Vengeance, fixing Plagues

And

And flaming Terrors on his inmost Soul.

No mortal Hand the deadly Shades can draw;

No Thought of Man the fearful Tempest paints;

Nor Seraphims, nor all created Minds

Can think, can utter or describe the Pangs

That whelm the Soul, when infinite Wrath divine,

Justly inflam'd, immediate Stroke inflicts,

With dire Revenge and everlasting Pow'r.

Again in Transports of unbounded Woe

The doleful Wretch, with hideous Accent, cries:

"A H me! Shut out from Heav'n, were Hell  
enough.

"Expell'd Celestial Paradise, and thrown

"At this eternal Distance from the Sole

"And everlasting Fountain of my Bliss

"I rue for ever! Should no second Stroke

"Exasperate my Wound; no new, dark Scenes

"Enlarge my dismal View! But ah! I find

"The fearful Deluge swells, the Womb of Woe

"Groans with ten thousand Births, and I must burn

"An eternal Trophies of Almighty Wrath,

I

"Victim



- " Victim of Justice! Melting Bowels spurn'd,  
 " Grace, Patience, Lenity and Love abus'd,  
 " Wake an Almighty Arm to plead their Wrongs  
 " And cry, Revenge! Revenge! Now is my Soul  
 " Unto my Judge forlorn and naked turn'd,  
 " And O! I find him a *Consuming Fire*!  
 " Now in immediate Way I'm call'd to deal  
 " With Deity incens'd; and (dreadful Thought!)  
 " In my own single, wither'd, blasted Strength  
 " For ever to contend, and Adverse bear  
 " To him that made me. O! unequal Strife!  
 " Conflict tremendous! Finite shiv'ring Worm  
 " Enrag'd Omnipotence compell'd to meet!  
 " T' enter the Lists of everlasting War  
 " With that great God, that with a Breath can grind  
 " The Rocks to Powder! Dry up all the Seas!  
 " And fire the Skies! And back to *Chaos* dark  
 " Frown universal Nature! Happy I!  
 " If so his Wrath would end: But ah! I know  
 " His Wisdom infinite has me reserv'd  
 " Throughout a black Eternity to groan  
 " In Pangs of Vengeance, such as Angel's self,  
 " Would

- " Would unsustain'd, to nothing strait consume ?  
 " His dreadful Majesty I see, I feel,  
 " His Terrors all in dire Array are set,  
 " While flaming Arrows pierce my inmost Soul  
 " And lodge within me ! All his Attributes  
 " Pointed with fiery Indignation, dart  
 " Eternal Torment ! O the dreadful God !  
 " Whose Jealous Eye I oft provok'd, and dar'd  
 " His pow'rful Threats by my presumptuous Sins,  
 " Thinking him such an one as I, but now  
 " Too late I rue such Folly bold and vain:  
 " Reverse to Heav'n, my State, ev'n Goodness's self  
 " Slighted and injur'd, deals eternal Woe.  
 " That glorious Beauty which transports the Saints  
 " And wears perpetual Smiles to them, to me  
 " It glows with thousand Terrors, Frowns and Death  
 " His spotless Purity with high Disdain  
 " And infinite Resentment deep abhors  
 " (Miscreant impure I) my vile polluted Frame:  
 " His uncreated all-discerning Skill  
 " That built the Frame of my immortal Soul  
 " And all her Pow'rs did plant, exactly knows

- " Their various Make, Capacities, and how  
" T' afflict or comfort to extreme Degree  
" And utmost possibility, and thus  
" Applies eternal Corrosives! His Pow'r,  
" His dreadful unresisted Pow'r at once  
" Inflicts the Stroke, and then sustains to bear  
" Th' immortal Anguish, keener, fiercer far  
" Than Lightning Blast, or thousand Scorpions Stings,  
" Justice inflexible and Truth Divine  
" Strict and unchang'd, in adamantin Fetters.  
" Consume me down, while everlasting Days  
" Furnish my Woe, and bar my Flight for ever.  
" Oft I send forth my rack'd, bewilder'd Thoughts  
" T' explore the Ocean of such piercing Griefs;  
" They swift with dire Recoil came thundring back:  
" 'Tis all one vast immense Eternity!  
" This fiery Cup of Indignation fierce,  
" Of dread, unmixed Wrath, th' eternal Judge  
" In flaming Vengeance has prepar'd, and I  
" The deadly Dregs must drink! Strict Judgment pure  
" And far from Mercy is my Doom, and I  
" The dreadful Doom possess; but who can dwell

Oh!



" O! Who can dwell with this devouring Fire?

" Who can these everlasting Burnings bear?

" These hot vindictive Flames of Deity.

" What Pow'r created can sustain the Blow

" Of his avenging Arm? Or who abide

" The Fierceness of his Wrath? O who can tell

" His pow'rful Anger? Which of all you Fiends

" Damned can bear his killing awful Frowns

" That kindle all these burning Plagues of Hell

" And heat them sev'n-fold! O! how fearful 'tis!

" Into his Hands to fall, that ever lives

" A Sin-detesting God! I wish the Blasts,

" The deadly Blasts of his *Divine Revenge*,

" Would once consume me and to nothing blow

" Pain and Existence both: for O! the fierce

" Th' eternal Flashes of his fiery Wrath,

" These Thunders of his Justice who can bear?

" Terror, Confusion, Death, Despair and Woe,

" Ten thousand thousand Woes! I cannot Die,

" Cannot retreat: my dread Avenger's Hand

" (Unutterable Grief!) will ne'er relent,

" And I can neither bear, resist, nor fly.

IN furious Rage and ranc'rous Malice then  
The faint despairing Wretch begins to curse  
The blest Supreme, and impotent to pour  
Eternal Blasphemies against the King,  
The God of *Heav'n*; that dreadful back return  
Trebld with Vengeance ! O forlorn Estate !  
Worst of Hell's self, more hateful far than Flames  
Darkness and Stench in that infernal Lake :  
With dev'lish Rancour and Malignity  
To hate the sov'reign Good ! Revile, blaspheme  
The Majesty Supreme ; and vengeful With  
Derhorne the Highest, and destroy his Being.  
But far above the weak contemptuous Rage  
And blasted Wishes of the Damned Crew,  
Glorious himself, and Glorious in high Praise  
Of thousand Myriads of adoring Spirits  
He ever Reigns triumphant ! Crowns his Saints  
And Seraphims with Joy, and on the Heads  
Of his immortal Foes, eternal Vengeance flings.

T O R M E N T and Anguish unconceiv'd this is  
That in a Moment would the Soul consume  
To Hope or Fear insensible: But what  
Can't an Almighty boundless Pow'r and back'd  
With Vengeance infinite provoke'd, sustain  
The everlasting Criminal to bear.

N o w then th' infernal Furnace smokes, and Hell  
Glow with sulphureous Flames; A fiery Lake  
Fed with ten thousand Streams of burning Pitch,  
And noisome Brimstone kindles, blown by Breath  
Of an avenging God! The Body vile  
Once delicate perhaps, admir'd, ador'd,  
By such as none but skin-deep Beauty know,  
Now chang'd to hideous foul Deformity  
Sinks in the burning Ocean! O the dread  
Temper-tormenting, quick ingredients sharp  
Of that eternal Fire, devis'd, prepar'd  
By wrathful Justice to revenge for ever  
The final Unbeliever! Fiery Spark  
Or smallest Taper light will now convey

Torture



Torture intolerable, such as would  
All the bright Pleasure of an *Eden* drown  
During Infliction, But with these black Flames,  
Infernal, fierce tartareous Fire compar'd  
The hottest Flame that mortal Arm can blow  
Is soft refreshing Warmth, some Ev'ning Breeze  
To scorching *Africk* Sun. Stupendous Woe!  
By angry Arm of him that ever lives  
Thus to be whelm'd in Sea of boyling Fire  
Which all alike in every Part the Body  
Throughout entire like fiercest Furnace burns,  
As Vessel of eternal Wrath, prepar'd  
For such Destruction. Lo! the fearful End,  
The fatal sad *Catastrophe* of those  
That fondly doting on the Casket fair  
Th' invaluable Jewel fling away.  
Pamper and please and deck the mouldring Dust,  
The fading Body, destin'd Food for Worms;  
But worse than stupid, spurn their heav'nly Birth,  
And starve their noble intellectual Souls.

S H A R P as the Torture is the Soul invades  
By sympathetic Union strict and near,  
Tender and exquisite, in all the Pangs  
That lash the burning Corps, her native Pow'rs  
Inward are all at solemn Leisure sad  
To view distinctly and survey its Woe,  
And each exasperating Thought drink in,  
(Priv'ledge accurs'd) thus made by Pow'r Divine  
Strong to endure. Her Intellectuals clear,  
Freed from obstructing Mists that dimm'd her Sight,  
Vastly enlarg'd, quick, active now become  
Scrip't of the various Objects that amus'd  
Her Fancy once, and Pleas that Conscience brib'd,  
Like as a furious Giant rous'd from Sleep  
Awakes the never-dying Worm, and strait  
Seizes th' immortal Soul, and all its Pow'rs  
Torments and Tears in pieces! Racks the Mind  
With thousand thousand Cogitations dire,  
Wounding Reflections that corrode, and bite  
Like Vipers, as insatiate Vultures prey.

AGAIN the cursed Wight in doleful Strains  
 And piercing Sighs her fearful Plaints renews

“ WRETCH that I am, and wretched must remain  
 “ Through all Eternity ! environ’d round  
 “ With Seas of Woe, that Bank nor Bottom know.  
 “ Immortal infinite Distress I feel  
 “ In present Pangs, besides the Prospect large  
 “ Of sad Futurity that opens wide  
 “ And pours perpetual Misery ; of all  
 “ My Self th’ unnat’ral Author ! Startle, Heav’n’s  
 “ Let Angels blush, and all Creation Wonder !  
 “ Hopeless, I now must rowl in Anguish, such  
 “ As thousand thousand of these deathless Spirits  
 “ Though damn’d, shall never feel : Eternal Chains,  
 “ Laden with heavier Wrath, confine me down  
 “ To utter Darkness, and the fiercest Flames,  
 “ Which in this ever-burning Furnace glow  
 “ Wrapt in the Guilt which never did involve  
 “ Rebel-apostate Angels, O ! I sink,  
 “ I fall beneath them in my fearful Doom

And



" And righteous Punishment severe ! When they  
" From Heav'ns supreme Allegiance did withdraw,  
" And their first State and Habitation left,  
" Eternal Justice laid them fast in Chains  
" Of Everlasting Darknes, hurl'd them down  
" To this infernal Prison strong, reserv'd  
" For Publick Judgment at the final Day.  
" No Embassies of Grace, no Terms of Peace,  
" And happy Reconcilement, by the Hand  
" The golden Hand of Mercy e're was sent  
" To those apostate Spirits : Saviour none  
" Upon him, their angelick Nature took  
" From everlasting Slav'ry to Redeem  
" Encaptiv'd *Seraphims* : No Gospel-Beams  
" On them did ever shine, no costly Means  
" For their Salvation us'd, no space was giv'n,  
" No Place for Pardon and Repentance left ;  
" But void of Pity, with relentless Hand  
" Down into endless Burnings swift were plung'd  
" For ever doom'd to rue their fatal Fall !  
" Myriads I see, that born in Heathen Land,  
" In the thick Gloom of Native Darknes wrap  
" Their

- " Their and the World's Creator never knew  
 " Chain'd on the Burning Lake ! Tremendous Sight !  
 " Sov'reign but just ! These never never knew  
 " Their own immortal Nature ; never thought  
 " Themselves by brittle Twine of Life, to hang  
 " 'Twixt two such distant, vast Extremities  
 " Of Bliss or Woe ! The glorious Gospel Sun  
 " Did ne'er above their dark Horizon shine  
 " The Danger of their lapsed State to show,  
 " Or point them to a Saviour : Happy they !  
 " Happy to me ! they never impious spurn'd  
 " The great Redeemer, nor perversely prov'd  
 " Scornful, and deaf to Heav'n's inviting Charms.  
 " Justly Condemn'd for lesser Guilt, they groan  
 " In Pangs that no created Mind can bear ;  
 " Yet fewer Stripes, and less intense Degree  
 " Of Torment, the just Judge has doom'd them to  
 " But I forlorn, abandon'd Miscreant vile !  
 " Unequal'd Wretch ! my first and fatal Breath  
 " *British* I drew ! In *England's* happy Soil !  
 " Of all the Nations of the World belov'd  
 " By Heav'n, and as his choicest Fav'rite blest

With

" With clear Meridian Beams of Light Divine  
" Leading to Immortality ! And there  
" From Parents Holy and Religious sprang ;  
" Early devote to God in Baptism was ;  
" (Ah ! soon renounc'd !) in pious Nurture train'd.  
" A thousand clear and peircing Sermons heard :  
" A thousand earnest melting Calls withstood :  
" From stubborn Arms a bleeding Saviour thrust,  
" (Wonder aghast all Hell !) and barr'd my Heart,  
" 'Gainst all the Motions of his gracious Spirit.  
" O fond ! O fatal Choice ! Stupendous Folly !  
" And Madness infinite ! I rue, I rue,  
" For ever rue my blind corrupted Mind,  
" My marble Heart, my Passions vain, betwitch'd,  
" That blissful Gates of Heav'n against me barr'd,  
" And on my Head this deadly Vengeance drew  
" Self-plung'd in all this Woe ! Vast Crowds I see  
" That from the same enlightn'd *Goshen* come ;  
" But with such rich and plenteous Means, as I,  
" And Calls were never favour'd ; Damn'd they are  
" And deeply too, but not so deep as I.  
" Oh ! that the Days, those golden Days of Grace



“ Once might return ! That those fair shining Times  
“ Of heav’nly Mercy might again revolve  
“ And try my Soul ! Oh that Redeeming Blood  
“ Might but this once be tender’d more ; a World !  
“ Thousands and Thousands of the best of Worlds  
“ For one soft Whisper of a future Hope,  
“ Though Years though Ages distant ---  
“ But now ’tis all in vain ! The Door is shut,  
“ The Judge has past my everlasting Doom,  
“ Which all created Pow’rs can ne’er reverse.  
“ My Days for ever gone ! My Sun is set.  
“ In this dark Region, and ne’er more will rise.  
“ Fair Summer’s spent, eternal Winter’s come ;  
“ Harvest is past, and I am lost for ever !  
“ The Scene is shifted now, and mercy spurn’d  
“ T’ incensed Justice has me over turn’d ;  
“ And O ! the Stores, the Magazines of Wrath,  
“ That his fierce Shafts will always spend upon me !  
“ The *Golden Sceptre* now is laid aside,  
“ And with a *Rod of Iron*, Justice rules,  
“ Whose deadly weight I feel ; the Throne of Grace  
“ A dread, severe Tribunal is become,

And

" And I the everlasting Thunders hear.  
" Ah, curst Caitiff! How does black Despair  
" Consign me over to eternal Woe!  
" On me no Ray of Mercy e'er will dawn;  
" No Hope of Pardon e'er to me can come;  
" Or smallest Drop of Consolation sweet  
" These languish'd Pow'rs to chear, but all my Sins,  
" With all their Aggravations long forgot,  
" Came thundring now, and I no Saviour have,  
" No Blood to speak, to plead, to wash the Guilt  
" And stop the hideous Cries of Conscience loud,  
" Now all inflam'd! or with it Contract make,  
" Fiercest Tormentor, Quintessence of Hell!

Who would now stretch a Thought, or once  
conceive

Beyond these most amazing Scenes of Woe,  
New Stores of Vengeance still entreasur'd lie,  
Or finite Mind th' eternal Weight could bear.  
But so the Sentence, and the righteous Judge  
Vengeful, in nothing will relax or bate.

N o w then the fierce, insulting Fiends of Hell,  
That with immortal Hate beguil'd the Soul,  
And spread a thousand Gins and glitt'ring Baits  
Tempting to draw her from her best Pursuits,  
With Diabolick Fury swift will fly  
Taunting, and tear the wretched Wight, with Scoffs,  
Sharp and *Satanick*; and his flaming Pangs  
Dev'lish assay t' enhance with Tortures new.  
Curfed they are themselves, and under Doom  
Of everlasting Torment firm are held.  
For Knowledge, Malice, and Duration long,  
Sublimity, and vaster Compass far  
In Sin, in hellish and nefarious Deeds,  
Rebels they are and Traitors to the Crown,  
Honour, and Empire of th' eternal God  
Of far superior Rank : And Pow'r Divine,  
Awak'd by Justice, and with Wrath inflam'd  
For ever on their Guilty Heads shall throw  
Proportion'd Vengeance ! By his dreadful Arm  
And blasting Thunder rent, th' apostate Fiends  
Stubborn shall bow and bend, shall trembling roar,  
Whelm'd



Whelm'd by his Wrath, unable (utterly)  
To bear the Terrors of an Angry God.  
But with more active, potent Natures clad,  
Sov'reign Ordain'd by uncontroll'd Decree;  
And chiefly prompted by their native Hate  
And furious Rage infernal, Oyl they pour  
To everlasting Flames, and swell the Woes  
Of lost and wounded Souls! the while themselves  
In Floods of Vengeance rowl, in fiery Chains  
Are wrapt, and from a thousand inward Tortures howl.

INSULTING Devils mock the Wights beguil'd,  
And they in Rage their cursed Tempters ban.  
Companions dear, with eag'rest Arm embrac'd  
Partners in Sin, each other drawing on  
To everlasting Death, shall now become  
Partners in Flames, and in eternal Rage  
Mutual retort revengeful! Fire and Gloom  
Through all the vast infernal Regions reign  
In hideous Aspect, and at once involve  
Myriads of Angels, and immortal Souls  
For ever lost! Amazing Horror wild

Dread all around in thick Confusion flies,  
 And hideous Groans with universal Din,  
 Incessant through the flaming Vault resound.

Nothing but Spectacles of Woe appear,  
 And dreadful Forms of absolute Distress  
 Numerous and full of Horror Guilt, Despair,  
 Rage, Envy, Shame, and fiercest Pains of Sense  
 Join their dire La'thes to torment the Dam'd.  
 Like as the Saints each others Joys partake,  
 And mingling Flames of Love, the brighter glow;  
 Ev'n so revert; th' infernal Spirits accurst,  
 Stript of all heav'nly Friendship Grace, and Love  
 And each endearing Thought, they hateful; hate,  
 Vengeful malign, mutual Woes enflame,  
 And round about promiscuous Ruin throw.  
 Sighs wing'd with Anguish! Dire and loud Laments  
 From inward Torments flaming! Moans and Shrieks,  
 That sharp ascend from agonizings Pangs!  
 Bannings, and Blasphemies, and dismal Groans,  
 From universal tortur'd Hell that spring,

Con-

Confounding Discord, horrid Jars create  
Rueful, and evermore the dol'rous Cavern rend !

O ! H O W unlike the glorious State above !  
Those ever calm, serene, Celestial Seats !  
That Peace and Bliss, that Light and Life and Praise !  
That sweet, immortal Harmony and Love,  
Which reigns and shines in Heav'n, and crowns with  
Joy  
The happy Myriads there to all Eternal Days !

N o w might the wretched Soul this *Hell* inherit,  
With all these flaming Horrors compact round,  
Millions of Years no more than smallest Sands  
On mighty *Ocean Shoar* ; with rapt'rous Hope  
She'd sing in midst of Torment, and her Self  
Account undamn'd ! But Oh ! that fatal *Ever* !  
Pointed with thousand Darts of fierce Despair  
Strikes deadly inward with perpetual Wound,  
And blasts the Soul for ever !

WHERE-



WHEREFORE the Hopeless Wretch in dismal Sighs  
Pours out her last, and everlasting Moans.

“ PLUNG’d in an *Ocean* of eternal Wrath,  
“ That round about in fiery Billows roars,  
“ And all my Pow’rs with boiling Vengeance floods,  
“ Weltring in Flames I groan! I Terrors feel  
“ And Tortures, such as proudest Fiend would quell  
“ And dash to nothing unsustain’d by Pow’r  
“ Boundless, Omnipotent! Each Good is fled  
“ Sov’reign and all; and ev’ry Evil flows  
“ Pure and unmix’d, and swells my dreadful Cup.  
“ But could I fling away that rending Word  
“ *ternity*! And from my Thoughts discard  
“ This *Everlasting*! Or this raging Breat  
“ With hopes of future Outlet least could sooth,  
“ And that these bleeding Wounds would once be clos’d  
“ The deadliest Sting would die: But Woe is me!  
“ Heav’ns awful, just, unchangeable Decree  
“ Has in these fiery Chains consign’d me o’er  
“ To endless Torment! O *Eternity*!

That

- " That fatal wounding Thought, *Eternity!*
- " Should all the Stars of Heav'n be counted up,
- " Those thousand Myriads, and each Star should shine
- " Ten thousand Years successive, Happy I!
- " When all those Stars had shone, my Woes might  
end.
- " Millions of grassy Spires invest the Earth ;
- " And Millions more of dewy Drops impearl
- " The verdant Blade : Were each small dewy Drop,
- " And each green Spire, a Cent'ry, (Time immense !)
- " In flow succeeding Ages to revolve,
- " Happy were I, if then my Sighs might cease.
- " Give me each Grain of all those mighty Sands
- " That bound and pave the *Ocean* ; give me all
- " Those Shoals of Atomes that unnumber'd flow
- " Through universal Nature's space, and count
- " Each Grain, each Atome for Ten thousand Years ;
- " When all those thousand, thousand Years have  
rowl'd,
- " *Hell* without Interval, Ah happy I!
- " If then these Flames would slack, these Chains  
would fall,

" The Thunders stay, the Lightnings dart no  
more,

" Or I to nothing then might waste and die,

" But Sand and Atomes (O immortal Woe!)

" And dewy Drops, and Spires of Grass and Stars,

" And every Creature, Thoughts, and Numbers self

" Beyond the grasp of Men and Angels stretch't

" In unconceiv'd Addition! These shall all

" Arrive at Goal, to final Period come;

" But still the *Thunders* roar, the *Lightnings* fly,

" I wear my Chains, the Flames around me feel,

" And these must ever live, I never die.

" When all this vast unmeasur'd Space of Time

" That drowns created Thought, has dark revol'd

" Her countless Ages of infernal Woe,

" *Sea* without *Shoar* I just am entring in!

" In mazy Labyrinth I wonder still,

" And here I languish in eternal Groans

" Unpitied, ever Hopeless! O that *Ever*!

" That dreadful, cursed, blasting Thought, For

*Ever,*



" O f heav'nly Wisdom left, of heav'nly Love,  
" To others and my Self forsook, and now  
" My own and worst tormenting Foe become,  
" Present Infliction far too weak to bear,  
" Ceaseless I forth exploring Thoughts dispatch,  
" And grasp my future Woe! at once o'erwhelm'd  
" In instant *Hell*, and all the *Hell* to come!  
" Thus has vindictive *Justice* sore ordain'd  
" Inflexible, and my afflicted Pow'rs  
" Must thus torment! But O *Eternity*?  
" What Mind can bear? All ill, all *Hell*, all Horror,  
" All dire Despair! *Eternity*! *Eternity*!

T H I S is the State, though faintly shadow'd forth  
(For Man nor Angel to the Life can paint  
The Joys of *Heaven*, or the Pains of *Hell*!)  
This is the deadly State, the burning Pit  
Of never-ending Miseries, to which  
All that unpardon'd through Redeemer's Blood  
And by his mighty Spirit unchang'd remain,  
Stand dire expos'd; and by a thin-spun Thread

Of brittle Life, hang o'er this dismal World  
This World of infinite eternal Woe.

M A Y heav'nly Grace and Wisdom be vouchsaf'd  
To wretched Sinners now in time to see  
Th' impending Danger and in Time to fly  
Speedy, and hide them in their Refuge safe.  
Run to his Arms who now inviting stands,  
J E S U S, the Saviour from this Wrath to come.

Y E happy Souls! whom Conqu'ring Grace has  
won  
From Sin, from *Satan*, to your rightful Lord,  
Your proper sov'reign Good: ye Saints adore,  
Admire the Wonders of redeeming Love;  
That from this fiery deep of Wrath divine  
Has you so dearly ransom'd; and e'er long  
Will to Celestial Bliss triumphant bring;  
Delug'd all o'er with Beatifick Love!  
Vested with Robes of Light and Crowns of Glory!

H E A V E N.



# HEAVEN.



## The ARGUMENT.

*The Glory of the Place. The immediate Beatifick Vision of the incomprehensib'le DEITY, Father, Son and Spirit. Divine Communion with, perfect Enjoyment and Eternal Admiration of a Glorified Saviour, God-Man. The Sight and Knowledge of, Society and Communion with Myriads of Angels and Glorified Saints. Absolute Perfection in Holiness, and entire Conformity to Christ in Soul and Body. The ravishing Entertainment of Heaven, in*

L

*the*



*the Discovery of the Eternal Counsels and Decrees, the Mysteries of Grace, Methods of Providence and Wonders of Creation. The Rapture and Harmony, Joy and Praise thence resulting, without Weariness or Cessation to Eternity.*



A L L, heav'nly Love! O Spirit all  
Divine!

With infinite, Almighty Father, Son,  
Co-equal God! To thee I gladly pay

Religious Adoration, and invoke

Thy heav'nly Aid, thy condescending Grace

To teach m' imprison'd, pilgrim, captive Soul

To Sing celestial Joys! To view, to tell

Th' eternal Stores, the Magazines of Bliss

In *Heav'n* prepar'd, in *Heaven* safe reserv'd

For all that share the glorious Sov'reigns Love!

Divine, invisible, unerring Guide,

That midst the bright and shining Cherubs dwell'st,

Hymning thy Praise; to whose Omniscient View

The hidden, everlasting Counsels deep

And all the great triumphant Scenes above

Ever

Ever lie open : What blest Hand but thine,  
 The gloomy Curtains of the Grave can draw  
 And tear the Veils, the thick beclouding Veils  
 Of Time and Sense, and lead me up by Faith,  
 Steady to take a clear and ample View  
 Of *New Jerusalem*, divinely rear'd,  
 And *Paradise Celestial* ; where no Tree  
 Of interdicted Knowledge grows, and which  
 Th' infernal *Serpent* never shall invade.  
 But all is happy, all serenely fair,  
 Joyous, secure, on firmer Pillars fix'd  
 Than Earthly *Eden* ; faded ne'er shall wax  
 Or dim in all its Glory, all its Bliss  
 And num'rous Joys ineffable ; may I,  
 (Through wondrous Grace, O wondrous Grace indeed!)  
 There ever see thy Face and sing thy Praise.

T H' Imperial Seat of Residence Divine,  
 Where the great King of Glory, God of Love  
 In all the Grandeurs of his Grace appears  
 And Majesty eternal ; where to View  
 Of endless Myriads of adoring Spirits

With Beatifick Face unveil'd he shines,  
 Wisdom and Pow'r immense has stately built  
 Past all Imagination bright and vast!  
 The trackless Stages of those shining Orbs,  
 Th' ungraspt Expense of all th' Ethereal Spheres  
 Bound not those far superior Realms of Light,  
 Regions of Joy, where Glory Native dwells.  
 The goodly Structure, heav'nly Palace, bears  
 Immortal Strokes of Beauty and Design,  
 Answ'ring th' Idea great, the glorious Plan,  
 Form'd in th' eternal Mind! the noble Pledge  
 Of infinite, Alwise, Almighty Love,  
 Model and Architecture both Divine.  
 Its *Orient Gates* by wondrous Art are form'd  
 Of Pearl entire! like Sea of *Jasper* shines  
 The glitt'ring Pavement, all of massy Gold!  
 The spacious Walls with sparkling Diamond bright  
 Transparent, and with loveliest *Sapphires* glow.  
 But *Pearls* and *Sapphires*, *Diamond* and *Gold*,  
 Stars too and Suns and all Sydereal Light  
 The matchless Splendor of the heavenly State  
 Faintly intend. At each fair Gate a Band  
 Ceaseless



Ceaseless of noble shining Seraphs wait  
Through thousand dang'rous Conflicts safe arriv'd  
Pilgrims to usher in with welcome Song  
To their eternal Home ! Ten thousand Thrones  
And bright immortal Mansions all around  
Lighten with Glory ! Through th' empyreal Plain  
A Stream of *Living Water* ever flows  
Pure and as clear as Chrystal ; On each side,  
The Tree of Life with never fading Bloom  
Yields her immortal Fruits ! *Jehovah's* Face  
And glorious Throne Divine, begirt with Light  
Radiant, and dazling Splendor unapproach'd,  
Crowns and compleat's and infinite excel's  
Seraphick, Saints, and all Celestial Glory !  
No need of Sun by Day or Moon by Night  
That heav'nly World to lighten, where no Shade,  
No Night shall ever come ; but Rays Divine  
From *God Almighty* and the *Lamb* shall shine  
Eternal Day ! No Temple there shall need,  
For Veils, and Time, and Sense and Faith are gone  
And all is blissful Sight ! Seraphick Love !  
And Adoration pure ! There Saints shall arm

In Arm with Angels walk, shall reign, shall shine,  
And holy Hallelujahs ceaseless sing

In Choir harmonious to th' eternal Throne.

Never shall Hunger more, no more shall Thirst,

Nor sultry Heat, nor pinching Cold annoy ;

No Crying, Pain or Death ; but the *Lamb's* self

Shall dwell among them, and with Love Divine

Shall guide, shall feed them, and with tend'rest Hand

To living Fountains lead ; and mournful Tears

God from each Eye shall ever wipe away.

THERE we shall see that infinite, immense,

Incomprehended, absolute, supreme

Eternal Being ! *Father, Son and Spirit !*

Ador'd, ineffable, Divine *Three-One,*

The First and Fountair Fair ! Of all that's good,

Lovely delightful, noble, excellent,

That in all Forms created glimm'ring shines

The sole and bright Original ! Whose Pow'r

Wisdom and Goodness infinite has stamp'd

Such beauteous Characters around the Frame

Of this inferior World ; and richly pour'd

Such

Such num'rous Graces, such celestial Charms,  
Such shining Glory and triumphant Bliss  
On all the Saints and Seraphims above,  
Himself how Fair, how Good, how Glorious then !  
Him we shall see, who for his Royal Will,  
And by his sole omnific Word has form'd  
All things of nothing ! From himself deriv'd,  
Being and Life to all, and thence sustain'd.  
At whose Command, the vast celestial Spheres  
And all those glitt'ring Orbs, the Earth, the Deep,  
Their proper Stations know, various exist,  
Harmonious move ! That for his Glory form'd  
*Adam* and all his num'rous Progeny,  
Num'rous as Stars ; and by his Conduct high,  
Most Wise, most Holy over all Things did  
Preside invisible ; the smallest Turns,  
Seeming Contingents, or the weightier Change  
Of Publick Revolutions over-rul'd.  
With all th' infernal dark Designs of *Hell*,  
T' advance the Glory of his matchless Grace,  
His free, immutable, eternal Love,  
In their Salvation, whom he Sov'reign will'd  
For



For ever happy by his only Son.  
 Him we shall view, and in those Views exult  
 With Joy and Love unutterable! Him  
 That on the Circle of the Earth enthron'd,  
 Spans the vast Heavens, and in his awful Hand  
 The boundless *Ocean* grasps, in Scales the Hills  
 And loftiest Mountains weighs! That with a Look  
 Of Proudest Monarch all the Pride can stain  
 And brightest Glory tarnish, with a Frown,  
 Make all the stubborn Fiends of *Hell* to quake.  
 That self-existent, self-sufficient, cloth'd  
 With independent Glory, utmost Bliss,  
 Native encirc'd in his own Embrace,  
 Can in a Moment, if he please, remand  
*Heavens* glorious Frame, fair Earth, and deepest *Hell*  
 Back to their first dark Nothing! uneclips'd  
 In the bright Radiance of his Life Divine,  
 His self-sprung Splendor and Felicity.  
 Whose uncontroll'd, despotick, boundless Sway  
 All Things confests within the unknown Sphere.  
 Of universal Nature, and him pay  
 Homage obsequious, or a passive Praise.

This

This glorious Monarch, this eternal King  
 Who Heav'n of Heav'ns and all the glittering Hosts  
 That People those immortal Mansions bright  
 At once Created, and in Majesty  
 Of his *Eternal God-head* ever blest,  
 Shines infinite ! above the Sight, the Soar,  
 The largest Grasp, the highest loftiest Praise  
 And brightest Beauty fair of all the Saints,  
 And all the Cherubims around the Throne,  
 Though bright and glorious ; as our Friend endear'd,  
 Our heavenly Father, reconciled God !  
 That from eternal Ages chose us free,  
 And wond'rous sav'd us by his glorious Son ;  
 Our utmost Wish, our everlasting Home,  
 Our chiefest, final, universal Good,  
 Where all the Pantings of our Souls expire  
 In endless Bliss ! Thus view'd, in this fair Light,  
 The glorious Deity with Face unveil'd  
 Raptur'd, we then shall see, adore and love !  
 Stamp'd and transform'd by beatifick Smiles  
 To heav'nly Likeness ! Wrapt at the blest Vision  
 In one eternal Extasy of glorious Joy and Praise.

A N D

AND next with raviſh'd Eye, and rap't'rous Mind,  
 Glowing with Transports never felt before  
 Of Love and Joy unknown, we then ſhall view  
 The *Glorious Jeſus!* All created Heights  
 All heav'nly Pow'rs and Empires far ſurpaſs'd,  
 Brightly Enthron'd! While Adoration high,  
 Love, Praise, Renown, Dominion's equal paid  
 With his eternal Father! Loſt'ieſt Thrones,  
 Angel, Arch-Angel, Principality,  
 Cherub and Seraph, and each glorious Saint  
 Sing the Redeemer with triumphant Lays  
 And glad adore *Incarnate Deity!*  
 Stretch'd on the utmoſt Wing of Angel-Flight  
 In one eternal Gaze of deep Inqueſt,  
*Gabriel* and all his Fellow-Seraphs wiſe,  
 The wondrous Union Hypoſtatick high  
 Ravish'd contemplate! *Univerſal King!*  
 And Head Supreme of all the Orders bright  
 Amidſt the Church triumphant, lov'd, admir'd,  
 He ever Reigns. Juſt Arbit'r ordain'd  
 And everlaſting Judge of all the World,  
 Ready all *Heav'n*, with Wing obſequious wait

The



The awful Signal to attend him down  
 And guard his dread Tribunal ! Him they shout  
 Victorious and Immortal, Just and True  
 Return'd from Judgment ; and in glorious Train  
 Brightly conduct him to his heavenly Throne,  
 Warbling his Praise to all eternal Days.  
 Wrapt with Ten thousand beauteous Glories, which  
 Adorn that loveliest radiant Person, who  
 All Lustre of created Charms outshines,  
 Angelick and Celestial, him they sing  
 Immortal Fair ! of Beauty standard bright !  
 The Prince, the Mirror of all heav'nly Forms !  
 Diffusing Transports of celestial Joy  
 In every smile Divine ! New Beauties spring,  
 New ravishing Endearments hourly rise  
 In their ador'd *Immanuel*, ne'er known,  
 View'd or expected in the cloudy State  
 Of this vain World. With sweet amaze, the Saints,  
 And wondrous Joy the human Nature see,  
 Lower than Angels in Creation made,  
 Advanc'd most glorious by th' Incarnate Son  
 Their Bone, and Fle'h and heav'nly Kinsman dear

To

To dignity Divine, with veiled Face  
 Of brightest Seraphim ador'd! the sweet  
 Attractive Magnet, dear profound regard  
 Of Heav'n entrant with Joy and drown'd in Love!  
 Charm'd with the Glories of his Face Divine,  
 They count the Wonders of his bleeding Love  
 In sacred Extasy; with Pow'rs inflam'd,  
 Englarg'd, ennobl'd with the Influence bright  
 Of heav'nly Light and Vision! and in Songs,  
 And loud *He'anna's* teach the Heav'ns to tell,  
 And the eternal Regions all to Sound  
 Th' endearing Mysteries, th' amazing Scoop,  
 And high Atchievements of Redeeming Grace.  
 With Hearts of Ravishment, and wondring Eyes,  
 And Tongues that with Seraphick Diction sweet,  
 Spontaneous and mellifluous ever flow,  
 They sing the *Jesus*, who the heavenly Will  
 Of his great Father, bent on Love to Man,  
 T' accomplish, and to save from endless Woes  
 Millions of pretious never-dying Souls  
 Of Angel-kin, that glorious Throne forsook,  
 And all the Praises, all the heavenly Bliss

Attendant

Attendant, and in Love divinely great  
 And Pity such, as ne'er kind Seraph breath'd  
 Freely came down, as free endur'd, embrac'd  
 The inf'nite Pain and Shame, Wrath, Curse, and Death  
 Dreadful impendent on the Heads of those  
 He lov'd, not else redeem'd ! This boundless Love  
 In rapt'rous Strains they evermore admire  
 With Joy and Wonder whelm'd, whene'er they think  
 That glorious Body more than Cherub bright,  
 In dol'rous Groans from ev'ry Vein should bleed  
 For their Redemption dear ; despis'd, condemn'd,  
 By some he dy'd to save ; by Pow'rs of Hell  
 With utmost Rage assail'd ; while all his Soul  
 Was drencht in Wrath Divine ; and O whose Mind  
 But his alone can guess the Anguish then he bore !

“ AMAZING Grace ! inimitable Love !

(Th' adoring Saints with endless Rapture cry)

“ That thou from all Eternity enthron'd

“ In highest Bliss and heav'nly Glory, crown'd

“ With utmost Honour and Felicity

“ Fulness divine possessing, and array'd

M

With



- “ With all Perfections of the Deity  
“ Thy self *Eternal God!* and didst enjoy  
“ Blissess consummate, truly infinite,  
“ Ten thousand thousand Ages long before  
“ The heav’nly Orbs began to rowl; that thou  
“ Shouldst quit that splendid State, divine Abode,  
“ And all the royal Robes of Majesty,  
“ And from among the glorious Praises which  
“ From Myriads of adoring Spirits flow’d  
“ In constant Hallelujahs, down shouldst go  
“ Into that Vale of Tears and Misery.  
“ And there in wondrous and mysterious Sort  
“ Ineffable, thy glorious Nature didst  
“ To curs, so infinite Inferior, join,  
“ And into strictest Union take, by Birth  
“ Mean and Inglorious! Subject didst become,  
“ (O Angels sing!) to all the Laws Divine,  
“ Thy self their *Sov’reign, everlasting Maker.*  
“ A Life of Suff’rings vast, Shame, Misery,  
“ Of fierce Afflictions and Temptations dire  
“ Thou passedst through; Obedience high and strict,  
“ Perfect and Universal, constant, pure,

(More

- " (More worth than Heav'n and all the Praises there);  
" Always fulfilling; and at last a Death  
" Of dreadful Pain and horrid Curse didst die;  
" Basely insulted by those envious Fiends  
" The damned Angels, lost apostate Crew,  
" And vile ungrateful Man; the dreadful Waves  
" Of infinite, Divine, vindictive Wrath  
" Rolling in Tempest on thine inmost Soul.  
" That thus th' eternal heav'nly Glory thou,  
" Gladly shouldst leave, and veil thy *Godhead* thus  
" And all this Ignominy, Shame and Pain  
" And thousand Deaths shouldst freely undergo,  
" From the dread Seizure of avenging Wrath  
" And *Hell's* infernal Dungeon, to redeem  
" So mean, so vile, contemptuous Worms as we,  
" While yet Unborn; and into Being come  
" Rebellious strait in wicked Arms did rise  
" Base Traitors to thy Crown and Dignity,  
" Despising all this Love! who might long since  
" Justly be doom'd to rowl in endless Flames,  
" Trophees of Wrath! That e'er thou thus shouldst save  
" The most unworthy of the Human Race.

- " O Grace unfearchable ! O heav'nly Love !  
 " Amazing Kindness ! infinite Good Will !  
 " That ne'er the Breast of noblest Seraph warm'd,  
 " Nor the Transcendent, wondrous Birth could be  
 " Of Angel-thought ! O matchless, matchless Love !  
 " Too vast for all the gen'rous Minds in *Heav'n*,  
 " Worthy the great and glorious *Son of God*.  
 " Resume your Harps, ye blest Seraphick Spirits,  
 " Let Raptures fresh, your heav'nly Voices raise  
 " To highest Pitch and sweetest Melody  
 " To sing redeeming Grace, and chaunt its Praise  
 " With universal Joy, in endless Song  
 " Harmonious, and with Wonder drown'd in Love.

AGAIN they trace him from his dol'rous Cross  
 Where all the Pow'rs of Darknefs, vanquish'd lie  
 Wrapt in Confusion, while he hung triumphant,  
 Glorious in Love ! and to his radiant Throne  
 Compast with Glory and Immortal Light  
 Their Adorations pay, recounting sweet  
 The mighty Travels of redeeming Grace  
 And wondrous Product ! O ! in that fair World,



Into his nearest shining Prefence come ;  
Refresh'd and raptur'd with his heav'nly Smiles,  
In Arms, in Bosom of *Emanuel's* Love  
Imparadis'd / What mutual melting Strains  
Highest Complacence and endear'd Embrace,  
What Life, what Love, what Joy transporting flow  
In endless Circle, 'twixt the blissful Soul  
And blest Redeemer ! What dark finite Mind  
Cloyster'd in Clay, can grasp the heav'nly Thought,  
Or Mortals sing, where brightest Seraphs bow.

THERE we shall see the num'rous shining Hosts  
Of loyal, spotless Spirits Elect, confirm'd  
By Christ and heav'nly Grace, God's eldest Sons  
The glorious Angels ! that did ne'er withdraw  
Their Love, their Duty, their Allegiance due  
To their divine Creator ; never swerv'd  
In their Obedience to his great Commands  
All just and good ; but keeping their first State  
And happy Habitation, always burn  
With winged Fervour and with heav'nly Zeal  
T' attend the Pleasure and perform the Will

Of their immortal Sov'reign ever blest.  
 Millions of shining and Seraphic Fairs,  
 With whose celestial, radiant Forms compar'd  
 The most insulting Charms that bloom below  
 Die as the Stars do at the rising Sun,  
 Adorn the Palace of the King of Kings  
 And throng his Throne adoring! Clear unveil'd  
 Of their high Excellence, capacious Frames,  
 Beauty surpassing, all their Orders grand,  
 And awful Puissance vast, we then shall gain  
 Bright Information and with Wonder bow!  
 These wise, these fair, divine, angelick Spirits  
 Glowing in everlasting Flames of Love  
 To their ador'd Supream, and for his Sake  
 To all that bear his Image, share his Grace,  
 When first converting Love, our wandring Souls  
 From Sin and Death, to Christ and Life had won,  
 In joyful Songs they made the Heav'ns to ring  
 With Hallelujah! From that happy Hour  
 Though nobler born, with guardian Wing they tend  
 Their lov'd though loveless Charge; and in their Arms  
 Or on their heav'nly Plumes triumphant bear

Our

Our raptur'd Souls, from Sighs and Sin releas'd,  
To *Paradise*! With far superior Joy  
They'll sing to see us in their blissful Realms,  
Clasp us with Transport on the heav'nly Shores,  
And shout us welcome to eternal Rest.  
Thousand kind Offices of Angel-love  
In sweet and gen'rous Condescension done  
Invisible, by those fair shining Guards,  
Knowing, we then shall gratefully resent;  
Now our Companions, Fellow-worshippers  
And Fellow-heirs of Everlasting Life.

AGAIN we look, and lo! a num'rous Train  
Of younger Sons, Heav'n's brightest Fav'rites blest,  
Redeem'd immortal Souls! endear'd, oblig'd,  
By Ties of Love that never Angels knew,  
With Crowns and Palms and heav'nly Vestures bright  
Shining in Glory! There we wondring see  
*Adam* and all the happy chosen Race,  
By sov'reign Goodness, everlasting Grace,  
And dear Incarnate Love, reviv'd, restor'd  
And re-advanc'd to happier *Paradise*.

And



And more celestial Pleasures far, than would  
In *Eden's* happy *Garden* ever grow,  
By Sin, though never blasted ! fairer Fruits,  
And richer Delicates, diviner much  
Both Seat and Entertainment there they find.  
Visions of Joy and Glory evermore !  
Transporting Scenes that ne'er shall transient pass  
To sad Reverse, through each exalted Pow'r  
Transfusing perfect and eternal Bliss !  
Without, within, and all around them, Joys  
That never fade, which none by Force or Guile  
Can ravish from them ; but e'er-circling flows,  
Blooming with happy Immortality.

THERE, in those happy Realms, there we shall meet  
Shall know and repossess our dearest Friends  
That liv'd and dy'd in Christ, and re-embrace  
In endless Rapture ? Our immortal Spirits  
Tho' now confin'd, impossible t' attend  
To various Objects, and at once drink in  
Joys divers flowing, then exalted high,  
Strengthen'd, enlarg'd, the Beatifick Sight

Supreme

Supreme admir'd shall love! while num'rous Joys  
From *Heav'ns* bright Scenes that accessary spring,  
This not the least, our Souls shall seize, shall taste,  
The bounteous Hand that so imperial pour'd  
Gladly adoring! Them we there shall know,  
And with immortal Tendernefs embrace,  
The Prefs, the Pulpit, or divine Converse  
Useful and Dear have render'd, as we past  
This howling Wilderness: But Knowledge clear,  
And Joy triumphant, cordial Peace and Love,  
Reign mutual, universal all among  
That vast and blest Society! All are known,  
Admir'd, belov'd, and glad so happy seen  
By every Saint, and each dear Saint by all.  
Wrapt and entwin'd in one anothers Arms,  
Their Joys, their Happiness is all the same.  
Charm'd with their heav'nly Father's Image bright  
In each celestial Count'nance shining fair,  
With purest Love they glow! Pleas'd most by far  
To see the *Fountain of their glorious Hopes*  
Supremely honour'd and supremely Blest!  
Viewing with high Delight th' Atchievment vast

Of

Of all his mighty and divine Designs  
 From everlasting; and the great Result,  
 With Pleasure infinite, pronouncing Good.  
 They Hand in Hand with blessed Angels join  
 T' encircle round their heav'nly Sov'reign's Throne,  
 And in immortal Praises strive to sing  
 His boundless Glory, and his endless Love.

RAIS'D by his Pow'r, and by his Blood redeem'd  
 Who in a Moment can the *World* subdue  
 Change and transform, as to his Sov'reign Will  
 Seems best and wisest; these inferior Clods  
 Infirm, inglorious, like himself shall shine  
 Divinely Fair! His own most glorious self  
 The bright, the heav'nly Pattern! Wondrous  
 Thought!

That ever Dust and Worms should rise to copy  
 So exquisite Original! Each Charm,  
 And every, lovely and endearing Grace  
 That never shone in mortal Fair below,  
 In beauteous never-fading Bloom shall rise,  
 Deck and array our Bodies now become

Death.



Deathless, impassible, all o'er adorn'd  
 Inlaid, invested with celestial Glory !  
 Stript of all mortal Imperfections weak  
 Unmeet, incapable of heav'nly Bliss :  
 With mighty Vigour from th' eternal Spirits  
 Plenteous inbode, agil and active made,  
 In noblest Service and aspiring Praise  
 A glorious Soul shall join ; prompt, happy Mate  
 In all the Work, and all the Joys of Heav'n.

No *Sin* shall stain, no darknes's cloud the Soul :  
 No seeming Good her Heav'n-born Pow'rs seduce  
 To wander from her God : No Guilt within,  
 No tempting *Serpent* shall without annoy,  
 Perplex and grieve ; but Light and Love divine,  
 Consummate Joy and Purity shall reign  
 Through each immortal Faculty entire.  
 Claspt in the Bosom of the great Supreme ;  
 By everlasting Goodness smil'd upon ;  
 With open Face the first and fountain Truth  
 Ravish'd beheld ; and by immediate Views  
 A satisfying Likeness thence inferr'd ;

What

What Mind can stretch beyond this boundless Bliss  
 To wish a Thought, or want to know, possess,  
 Wrapt in th' eternal Joys that flow from God's Embrace!

N o w shall the Veils be drawn, and all the Stores  
 Of Heav'n's *Arcana* be unlock'd, and all  
 Th' eternal Counsels and Decrees disclos'd  
 By him that sits upon the Throne, *the Lamb*,  
*Ancient of Days* ! Now the dear Source we see,  
 The everlasting Spring of all our Joys  
*Eternal sov'reign Love* ! That on us pitcht  
 Ten thousand Ages e'er the Heav'n's were form'd  
 Its kind Designs to make us ever blest  
 With all those vast and inconceiv'd Delights,  
 Eternal, boundless Glory ! O the Grace !  
 Super-angelick, unexampled Love !  
 Worthy a God ! Procedure all Divine !  
 There we with ravishing Amaze shall see  
 How from this pregnant, this productive Womb  
 Sprang *Christ*, sprang *Heav'n*, and all the Means of  
 Grace  
 And Methods of Salvation, costlier far  
 Than

Than rearing of Ten thousand Worlds ! shall see  
The wise *Oeconomy* of Love divine,  
Its everlasting Thoughts to render firm,  
And undefeated ; and to chuse the Means  
That tend not to eclipse th' illustrious Rays  
Of sov'reign Freeness, Faith, and so by Grace.  
From hence we now shall ravish'd understand,  
From hence th' Eternal Blessed Spirit came down,  
And by Victorious Grace new form'd and chang'd  
Our foul and lapsed Natures ; on us shone  
With Light Divine, and efficacious did  
The glorious Son of God with Pow'r reveal,  
Convinc'd, perswaded, sweetly overcame  
Our darkn'd Judgments and reluctant Wills,  
And into Union with Redeemer dear  
Caus'd us to pass ; from thence adopted Sons  
Co-heirs with *Christ* of all the Joys of *Heav'n* !

N o w we shall see the Depths of *Providence*,  
Its winding Circuits and its mazy Folds,  
Beyond the reach of best and wisest Minds  
Unveil'd, unfolded. Oh ! the Transports high

N

And



And Joy triumphant that will thence ensue,  
To view the steady and unalter'd Love  
That govern'd still, and of external Act  
The secret Springs with glorious Wisdom touch'd  
And Faithfulness divine ! What pleasing Charms,  
What Beauty, Harmony, and Heav'nly Love,  
Will then through all the wondrous Web appear  
Of present Dispensation ! When the Sea  
Of adverse Life below Tempestuous wrought  
Enrag'd, enheightn'd by infernal Storms,  
Wrapt in thick Clouds and Darknes all around,  
Taught by celestial Rays we then shall know  
The Winds blew hard to waft us on to Port,  
The Floods arose from quick devouring Sands  
Kindly to drive us, where ten Thousands rue:  
And Storms of lesser Ills were rais'd to drown  
The Great and Everlasting Evil, *Sin*.  
That all the deep unfathomable Paths  
Of Sov'reign Wisdom, though so dark to Sense,  
Dropt Love, dropt Mercy, and were all to purge,  
To burn our spiritual Dross, to try, t' improve,  
By hardiest Exercise the Life Divine ;

To

To forward still the dear and vast Concerns  
 Of our immortal State, and Jewels add,  
 And Weight and Splendor to our heav'nly Crowns,  
 Like as a curious Piece of Arras rich,  
 Or stately Needle-work, in various Parts  
 Wrought, when entire in close array conjoin'd,  
 In all it's Lustre and Proportion shines.  
 Ev'n so th' *Oeconomy*, and System deep  
 Of *Providence* divine, a thousand Charms  
 Lovely shall yeild, when all shall be expos'd  
 By him that wash't us in his Blood, and holds  
 The Reins of universal Government.

N A T U R E in all her Works, and wondrous Scenes,  
 Which thick around this vast Creation shine,  
 From loftiest Angel, and the wisest Men  
 Just Admiration drawing, all unveil'd  
 Then shall contemplate, and in Rapturevolv'd  
 Adore our glorious Maker! Now we walk,  
 We look, and round about us rise to view  
 Thousand fair Objects that themselves confess,  
 By shining Marks and Characters divine;

Of Wisdom infinite and Pow'r immense,  
The beauteous Offspring of a Deity,  
His glorious Praise reflecting ! Yet within  
The feeble Grasp, the mean, contemptuous Reach  
Of human Knowledge, which the bravest Wits  
And learned'st Minds of Mortals vain can boast  
With the vast Stores of Wisdom deep compar'd,  
Which through the Universe entreasur'd lie,  
A Spire of Grass, a Fly, or vilest Worm,  
Much more the Wonders of the heav'nly Spheres  
Dazle their Understandings, and reproach  
The proudest Soar of vain *Philosophy*.  
But from the Prime and universal Cause,  
Eternal Source of Being, we now shall learn,  
How first this beauteous Frame of Nature vast,  
With all her num'rous, rich, appending Charms,  
Rose out of *Chaos*, from dark Nothing sprang  
In answer to her mighty Sov'reign's Call.  
In all its radiant Loveliness then shone  
Bright and untarnish'd, as it Native came  
New burnisht from it's glorious Founder's Hands,  
E're *Sin* had all the glitt'ring Hangings marr'd,

And



And with thick Cloud, Terrestrial Glory veil'd,

(Again perhaps to wear her pristine Form)

We then shall view *Creation* ! And the Skill,

Th' Architect great, and Architecture sing

For ever ! Deep abstrusest Myst'ries solve

With Pleasure, while all dubious Mists shall flee

Before that glorious *Sun* ! And all that's fair,

All that's attractive, wondrous, great and good,

Through all created Ranks and Forms that glows,

Summ'd up and centr'd in the blest Supreme,

With infinite Advance, shall there for ever shine.

W I T H Beatifick Vision ravish'd thus,

And Emanations pure of Love Divine

From that eternal Fountain ever-flowing,

The utmost Point of intellectual Bliss !

With Sight of *Jesus* glorified, and all

Th' endearing Mysteries of redeeming Grace

Highly transported ! In each other's Arms,

As Objects of the same divine Regard

And everlasting Favour, rapt'rous clasp't

With undissembing Love ! And entertain'd

With Scenes of Mercy ! Miracles of Pow'r  
 And all the Wonders of Creating Skill,  
 Delug'd with Joy ! dissolv'd in Extasy,  
 And perfect endless Bliss ! our happy Souls  
 Triumphant Songs of Praise shall warble forth  
 Through the vast Ages of Eternity.  
 O State delightful ! ravishing Employ !  
 When Tears and Griefs and Sighs for ever fled,  
 And cloudy Brow, and faded Visage wan  
 Darkning no more ; but each sweet heav'nly Face  
 With Smiles of Joy and Glory lightning fair,  
 Victorious Carols and celestial Hymns  
 Shall sound eternal Jubilee ! and all  
 The heav'nly Regions with seraphick Praise,  
 And sweet immortal Melody resound.  
 Pleasures unutter'd by an Angel's Tongue  
 'Ore all our Pow'rs in rapt'rous torrent rowl  
 To hear the blissful Harmony, and drink  
 Th' immortal Notes, and Touches exquisite  
 Of Harp and Tongues celestial, breathing Sounds  
 Divinely ravi hing, that never grac'd,  
 That ne'er inspir'd the noblest Strains below.

# HEAVEN.

131

Each heav'nly Voice, with soft melodious Tone  
 And tuneful Accent more than mortal sweet  
 Harmonious charms ! What rich transporting Airs,  
 What Raptures then from many Myriads flow  
 In Chorus full, and heav'nly Consort join'd !  
 In Songs that none but Happy They can learn,  
 And Rhapsodies Divine that none can rise  
 To imitate or bear, they sing, they shout,  
 In Triumphs tell and warble out their Joys,  
 Spreading immortal Gladness all around.  
 Delicious Entertainment ! rapt'rous Bliss !  
 To snatch the Echo of those heav'nly Songs  
 The dear Remains of such rich Melody  
 Though faint resounding ! O transporting then !  
 To bear a Part, to join Celestial Quire !  
 To share the Triumphs of the Jubilee !  
 With equal Rapture and with equal Strains  
 To swell the everlasting Harmony.

IN all the Musick of their Songs they aim  
 To sound the Praises of th' eternal King,  
 And wide his Glory blazon, whom they love

In



In fervid Extasy, and deep adore  
 With blended Rapture, Rev'rence and Delight,  
 That the great Object of Supreme Regard  
 And universal Adoration dear,  
 The Sum, the Center and eternal Spring,  
 Of all Perfection, all Beatitude,  
 Is infinitely *Holy, Just and True,*  
*All-wise, All-mighty, and Immutable,*  
 In all the Goodness, all the Glory bright  
 Of his essential Attributes, creates  
 Pleasures supreme, and makes all Heav'n exult  
 In loudest Hallelujahs! Hence the Shout  
 Of thousand Angels, thousand thousand Saints,  
 As found of many Waters, and the Harps,  
 The golden Harps of all those Myriads blest  
 Symphonious breath the loftiest Strains of Praise  
 With Raptures high, and Joy ineffable!  
 In tuneful Anthems then they ever chaunt,  
 And tell his great and everlasting Love!  
 Adore th' immense and overflowing Grace,  
 Transcendent Kindness, Bounty infinite,

Of their immortal Benefactor, who  
Sov'reign has crown'd them with such endless Glory.

REFLETE with perfect and celestial Bliss,

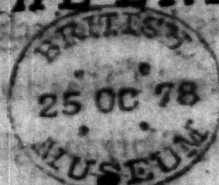
In happy Hallelujahs thus they spend  
The wasteless Ages of eternal Life,  
Fearless of Change ! Large as their Wishes vast,  
And lasting as their own immortal Frames,  
Their glorious Happiness entire remains,  
New and unfaded, indeficient, firm,  
For ever ! 'Tis their Crown of Glory crowns !  
That noble Creature, Prince of Light, the *Sun*,  
That with it's glitt'ring Beams Creation gilds,  
Sudden shall shine its last and back retreat  
To everlasting Darkness ! *Moon* and *Stars*  
With awful charming Glory spangling so,  
Shall fade, shall drop, and hide their golden Heads  
In the dark Bosom of eternal Night.  
Like as a Vesture shall the *Heav'ns* be chang'd  
And folded up, and as a Garment old,  
The *Earth* shall wax, and all the Works therein  
Vanish in Flames ! The *Mountains* shall depart,

The

The *Seas* be dry'd, and all th' enchanting Scenes  
 And flatt'ring Joys of sense for ever Wing!  
 Ev'n universal *Natures* self shall dye,  
 And *Time* shall launch into *Eternity*.

B U T holy Souls and happy Spirits above  
 Encirc'l'd in the sweet, immortal Arms  
 Of everlasting Love, outshine the Sun;  
 Outlive the Ruins of the Universe:  
 Ever their *Jesus* and their God enjoy,  
 Surrounded with a bright, a blest *Eternity*!

THE END.





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On the following

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THE  
SPECTATOR.

Nº 16. Friday, February 25. 1715.

*Quis talia fando*

*Myrmidonum, Dolopumque, aut divi Miles Ulysses,*

*Temperet: a Lacrymist.*

VIRG.



Walking by my self in *Westminster Abbey*, and viewing the venerable Antiquity of the Building, and that awful Pomp which dreadfully besets its Tombs and Monuments, I fell into the following Meditation  
How feeling a Lecture, do these silent, but striking Spectacles of Mortality, read to a thinking and reflecting Mind! more moving than all the Arguments, Passion and Solemnity of a Funeral Oration; or the most mournful Periods, and pathetick Accents of any living Monitor. Not all the Tears of weeping Relatives, not all the Rhetorick of Commanding Pens, have half the Power to affect and move as this awful Silence! And are these the utmost Bounds and Boasts of earthly Grandeur? Are Crowns and Scepters,

A 2

and

and Imperial Sways, come at length to this? Are these the mighty and aspiring Monarchs, whose greedy Arms would grasp the universal Orb, that here are cover'd in a Span of Earth, and mingled with the Dust from whence they sprang? What famous and convincing Instances are these, of the Poverty of this sublunary and the fleeting Vanity of unimmortal Joys! What possibly be pretended, which comes up to the Duration of the *Intellectual Being*, the Limits of whose Capacities are so vast, and whose Duration runs parallel with Eternity! How thick a Cloud of dark Oblivion will veil at last the brightest Sun of mortal Glory! Thanks to a Redeemer! Here's nothing, amidst all these Triumphs of Death, and solemn Instances of Mortality, that can give me the least Disturbance or Surprize. This gloomy Building, and its yet gloomier Scenes, can't exclude these delightful Rays which beam from the Face of my glorified Saviour! How joyfully could I now take my Flight out of this mouldring Fabrick, to those heavenly Mansions that are always new! When I see the Footsteps of devouring Time upon the Walls of this ancient Cathedral; how I exult to think I have a Building, whose Architect is God, eternal in the Heavens! While I tread among these Tombs, methinks I tread upon the Confines of blessed Immortality! How thin a Vail now seems between me and the invisible State, how short a Remove from Heaven! that oh! methinks I could even grasp the Crown of Glory in my Arms, and set my Foot upon the Pavement of the *Celestial Paradise*! what Honours, what Hallelujahs are due to a Redeeming Saviour! how glorious and surprizing are the triumphant Conquests of his Cross! which enable such a silly Worm as I, to insult the Darkness of the Graves, and to welcome, with the gladdest Airs, what is horrid, strange, and terrible to Nature! And whilst I am surrounded with these glittering Tombs, and contemplating these illustrious Ensigns, that are hung up to perpetuate the Memory of frail Mortals; immortal Saviour! divine and glorious Love! what eternal Monument of Celestial Honours, shall I rear to thine adorned Memory? Could I erect a Pillar of Brass or Marble



ble to the Clouds, and with a Pen of Adamant, carve my Redeemer's Name, and his wondrous Acts from the top to the bottom, how dumb and lifeless a Story would that be of his infinite Perfections! how brittle a Memorial of his immortal Deeds! how slender a Tribute for his matchless Love! how unsuitable to the Nature of his Achievements, and the Largeness of his deserved Fame! such imperishable Monuments should alone wear the Inscriptions of a Redeemer's Praise, as will outlive the Foundation of the World, and endure to eternal Ages! how then, thou dear and adored Saviour, who inhabitest the Praises of Eternity! *hosanna*'d by Legions of *warbling Cherubims*! encompass'd with immortal Light, and enthron'd with infinite Glory! how shall I attempt to celebrate thine amazing Love, and tell the intellectual World the glorious Wonders of Redeeming Goodness. I have nothing that I can offer but my self; who am thine ten Thousand times already, my Soul, which thou hast won with infinite Endearments. O inspire her with heavenly Wisdom, and enrich her with the Treasures of Divine Knowledge. Ennoble her with thy blest Resemblance, and indelibly engrave on her thy Righteous Law. Lead captive her capacious and immortal Powers, possess all her Faculties, and engross her Love. Irradiate her with larger Manifestations of thy Glory, endow her with richer Effusions of thy Grace, that she may reflect thine Honour with a brighter Blaze. Then shall she recount and sing the Wonders of thy bleeding Love, reflect the Glories of thy Mercy, and bear the Ensigns of thy Victorious Power, amidst Thousands and Millions of wondrous Seraphims, when all these fenc'd and guarded Splendors, brazen Pillars, and marble Tombs, shall be blended with common Dust. Oh! that my Soul could wing away from this sinful and this transitory State, and flee to yon *Celestial Regions*! the Place of her happy and immortal Birth! where she shall live the Lite, and learn the Rhapsodies, and wear the Perfections of Angels, and bear them Company in their loftiest Praises, profoundest Searches and noblest Flights, and bathe her then glorified Faculties in the Joys of Bea-

tifick Vision! How wide and foreign are the common Conceptions of true Happiness? how besides themselves the Gallants of the Age! that they can relish no Sweetness in the Fountain of Pleasure, apprehend no Charms in infinite Beauty, nor Honour, in Resemblance of their Maker! no Glory, no Greatness, in trampling on all the Splendors of a glittering World; no Happiness or Delight in walking upon the Confiners of immortal Bliss! Is it not pleasant to be at Peace with our Creator, and be in due Subjection to the supreme Being? Is it not pleasant to throw away the Weapons of Rebellion, and run into the Arms of divine Forgiveness? Is it not pleasant to behold an incensed Judge, chang'd into a friendly Advocate, and that eternal Throne, which sent forth nothing but Thunderings and Lightenings, Terrors and vindictive Wraths, calm'd with the Voice of the stupendous Sacrifice? What solid Satisfaction, profound Contentment, and seraphick Joy, is the natural and necessary Consequence of a pardon'd State, and Hopes of Glory. And whereas I find in me a secret Consciousness to a future Immortality, and irresistible Dictates that I must shortly be consign'd to everlasting Bliss or everlasting Woe; is it not pleasant, unutterably pleasant, to have that grand Affair determin'd well in my own Bosom, and to possess the Pledges, and enjoy the Foretastes of an happy and eternal Life? And is this the Way? Is this the State, the Life, unhappy Youth so fondly censures? Is this indeed that serious Piety, for which they frame so strange an Image, and place in such harsh and disagreeable Lights?

And is it so wonderful entertaining to the thinking Mind, to reflect upon the different Ages, which here present themselves in this solemn Prospect, and to recount the vast Variety of Travellers, the numerous Stages and Passages of Life, brought on at length to one common Period? Is the reasonable Nature, delightfully taken up in musing on such small Antiquities as these, and looking back upon the Course of a few hundred Years; what culminating Joys, and uncontain'd Delight, will overflow beatifick Minds above, when they shall survey the Records of Eternity, and in these date-

less

less Ages, shall find their Names enroll'd in the Heavenly Register, in Characters never to be effac'd! When the Ancient of Days shall unclasp the Book of the Divine Decrees, unlock the Treasures of his Council, and unfold the Mysteries of his eternal Love, and shew to every happy Soul, what room they had in his Heart and Thoughts, Myriads of Ages before he created them! What Eagle Wing of Human Thought; what higher Soar of Mind angelick, can look into that amazing Conduct, and fully tell its glorious Origin! From this eternal Spring proceed those Streams, which swell the Ocean, and o'erflow the Banks of the Redeemed's Bliss; and as often as they reflect on the wondrous Happiness and glorious Joys with which they are surrounded, they must rise in their adoring Thought, to the sovereign and eternal Love, as the first Link in the golden Chain, and very Source of all their Blessedness! happy Creatures! 'Twas for you that this stately Frame of Nature was erected; and these Heavens bespangled with such glorious Orbs! 'Twas for you that this goodly Structure of the World was form'd out of undigested Chaos, as a Stage or Theatre, whereon to transact the vast and important Concerns, that relate to your eternal Happiness, till by the various Methods of Grace and Providence, you are train'd for an immortal State, and made ripe and ready for supernal Bliss. And as much as good Men are now mock'd and banter'd by an impious World; 'tis for their sakes the Sun still shines in yon Celestial Sphere, and those innumerable Stars still rowl in such beautiful Order. 'Tis they that uphold the tottering Pillars of the Universe, and reprieve it from its final Overthrow and great Catastrophe! They are the *Lots* and *Abrams* that keep off its dissolving Flames. When their Number is accomplish'd, and their Work is done, the Almighty Creator will, as it were, say, "What have I any more to do with that World below: "My chosen Jewels are all of them gather'd out of the "Ruins of the great Apostacy: The Councils and Purposes of my Grace and Wisdom are now finish'd: I'll lay aside the Scepter of Mercy, and put on the Severity of a Judge, and turn the Throne of Grace into a  
"strict



" strict Tribunal. I'll arise to the Vindication of mine  
 " Honour, the Confusion of my implacable Adversar-  
 " ies, and avenge the Quarrel of my Covenant. The  
 " World grows old in Corruption, and calls for purify-  
 " ing Flames: All the Creatures groan to be deliver'd  
 " into the Liberty of my Childrea: The Spirits of my  
 " Saints long for Re-union with the Bodies, and to  
 " Re-embrace the dear Companion of their Bliss. The  
 " Gries of the Souls under the Altar, How long, Lord,  
 " Holy and True, are ever sounding in mine Ears;  
 " Sun, stop thy Progress, veil, and be extinct for ever,  
 " Let the Moon withdraw her shining, darken and dis-  
 " solve into Blood. Ye Stars, relinquish your Spheres,  
 " and fire universal Nature; let the Foundations of  
 " the Earth be loos'd, and the Heavens be folded to-  
 " gether, let the Throne be set, and the Books be o-  
 " pened: Attend, all ye Angels, the solemn Pomp of  
 " my dread Tribunal; *Gabriel*, assume the Trump, and  
 " sound the General Alarm. Arise, ye Dead, awake  
 " O World, awake! and come to Judgment.


And that piercing Trumpet, that shall rouse the Dust  
 of Kings and Princes, and shatter all in pieces those  
 Regal Monuments and Magnificent Tombs; when  
 thou shalt see the Battlements of Heaven on a light  
 Flame, and the Air crowded with dazzling Cherubims  
 and bright Attendants, the glorious Train of a De-  
 scending Judge! When thou shalt hear the great and  
 universal Groan of dissolving Nature; and see all  
 the noble and beautiful Furniture of this spacious and  
 stately Theatre perish in the mighty Conflagration!  
 When Hell shall yield up her Apostate Legions to their  
 Doom, and the Seas and the Graves pour in upon the  
 boundless Plain! When the united Shrieks of Despair-  
 ing Worlds shall burst the Skies, and rend the Bowels  
 of the Earth; 'twill be all to thee, my Soul, but the  
 joyful Signal, that that fair immortal Morn is come, in  
 which this Body shall gloriously rise, and be reasum'd  
 to thy compleat Beatitude!

Friday,

N<sup>o</sup> 33. *Friday, April 29. 1715.*

Then wilt thou be loath  
To leave this Paradise, but shalt possess  
A Paradise within thee, Happier far!

MILTON.

 F the Christian's Prospects of Felicity and Joy, were bounded in the Limits of the present Life, even St. Paul had judg'd him to be the most Unhappy of Human Race. But amidst such blissful Circumstances and glorious Hopes, he is plac'd by the Divine Grace, that none can advance such just Pretensions to every thing that is truly Great and Blessed, as the real Christian.

As for Honour, his Extraction is Divine, Heaven is his Native Home, and he is born to a glorious Immortality! The infinite, eternal, incomprehensible JEHOVAH, is his gracious and indulgent Father, and JESUS, the Prince of the Kings of the Earth, is his elder Brother! All the blessed Inhabitants of the Celestial Palaces, those spotless and immortal Beings, are but part of the Train of his spiritual Kindred. Cherubims and Seraphims, those Angelick Creatures, those pure and everlasting Flames of Love, shall hereafter be his bright and noble Companions, as they are now his constant glorious, though invisible Guardians.

As by a stupendous Condescension, and in an ineffable Manner, he is so intimately related to the glorious MAJESTY of Heaven and Earth, the first Fountain and Sovereign of all Things, the Universe is his, in her best Attire, and noblest Product. That stately Firmament, that magnificent Canopy of Heaven, adorn'd with so many lovely shining Lights and beautiful Planets,

nets, does but floor that Celestial Dwelling, which is prepared for his happy and eternal Abode! He considers the incomprehensible Glory of his Creator, his infinite Excellencies and Perfections, as his own proper Portion; triumphs and luxuriates at that rich Felicity, that stable overflowing Satisfaction, which he sees eternally abounding in the Divine Nature; he views all his blessed and glorious Attributes, combining to furnish out his consummate and everlasting Beatitude, and beholds with Rapture, in his boundless Essence, an Infiniteness to answer all the noblest Paintings of his Soul, and to fill up the utmost Grasp of his vast and immortal Capacities!

His Comforts are solid and refin'd; his Pleasures are unmixed, Rational, Divine, Sincere and Everlasting; becoming the Dignity, and suited to the Nature of a Reasonable Spirit. His secret Transports and Elevations of his Soul, proceed from the Prospect and delicious Foretastes of an approaching Heaven; and just are his most exalted Joys, when he knows what he finds in Converse with his Redeemer here, is as nothing to the the actual and compleat Fruition of him, in an eternal Hereafter. He sees such a Confluence of attractive Excellencies, all possible Beauty and Perfection, shining with eternal uncreated Sweetness in that infinite Original, that his heavenly Mind becomes dead to these inferior Charms, and all the doubtful Glimmerings of created Splendors, vanish before that glorious Sun!

He stands ready and prepar'd for all the various Scenes of this mutable and mortal Life, and regales with divine Repast, whilst he sees himself in the Embraces of that State, in which all Things have a Command to forward his eternal Happiness. Every Taunt, and Insult, and unjust Reproach, puts a Jewel in his Crown! Every conflict with his spiritual Adversaries, is a Spoil, to heighten his Victory and enhance his Triumphs! If he is plung'd in a Sea of deepest Calamity, and cover'd with the thickest Shades of Affliction, he knows they can be but of a short Continuance, and must flee before the Day of eternal Glory! If he enjoys all the agreeable Entertainments of Life, and the constant Smiles of a recon-

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reconciled Deity, he considers it but as a Drop, to that immense Ocean of boundless Joy, that Sea of Light and Life, and Love, where he shall sweetly bathe to all Eternity. No Events of Providence, no Revolutions in the World, or Prodigies in Nature, can at all dash his Comforts, or shake the Basis of his eternal Hope. Should the Sun be, not only *totally eclips'd*, but utterly extinguish'd, and an universal Darknes prevail, not to be expell'd, but by the Splendor of Christ's second Appearing, his Prospects would remain unclouded, lying far beyond the Reach of this Mortal State. If he is loaded with Disgrace, and treated with the utmost Contempt, and has a Thousand Indignities and poignant Reflections thrown upon him by his Fellow-Creatures, he knows they shall one Day be wip'd off by an Almighty Hand, in the Face of the Universal World. He smiles at the Thoughts, and with Joy anticipates the solemn Transactions of that Day; and meditates, without Terror, yea, with pleasing Transport, the unspeakably awful and majestick Brightness and Glory of that enlightened Tribunal!

And at Death, his precious and immortal *Soul*, incomparably the noblest Part of his Constitution, shall be receiv'd and convey'd, by an heavenly Band of Guardian Angels, to the Paradise of eternal Bliss, where she shall be cloathed with high and angelical Endowments, enrich'd with the most admirable and exalted Abilities, her created Nature is susceptible of! She shall be illuminated and ravish'd with the largest Comprehension of both natural and divine *Knowledge*, and how illiterate, contemptible and inglorious soever she seem'd here, shall then far out-soar all the celebrated Divines, Rabbins and Philosophers upon Earth. With unutterable Ravishments shall she immediately contemplate the divine Perfections! be fashion'd in all her noble and heavenly Powers, to an exact Resemblance of her blessed Creator! and clasp'd in her Redeemer's Arms, shall eternally feast upon the Joys of beatifick Vision. His *Body* shall remain the tender Charge of an Almighty Providence, and watchfully shall his Dust be kept, to shine in an happy and glorious

ous Resurrection! When, being rais'd impassible and immortal, gladden'd and inspir'd with unspeakable Joy and heavenly Vigour, grac'd with an eternal Bloom of Youth, and most exquisite Beauty, and clad all anew with spiritual and celestial Glory, shall with Wonder and Rapture, re-unite, re-embrace its glorified Soul! and so enter upon that blisful Eternity, which shall be spent in the most delightful Discoveries and Admirations of Divine Love! and in the Fruition of all that Glory, Felicity and Joy, those ineffable, incomprehensible Entertainments, which will be the ultimate Result of Creating and Redeeming Goodness!

And if this be the Portion of the meanest and most neglected Christian, (and it belongs to him, whether he apprehends it or not) and such the final and glorious Issue of all his Conflicts and Trials in this Military State, 'tis meet, sure, to be said to a Redeemer, 'tis but just and equal to confess to him, "That his Yoke is easy, "and his Burden is light. His Ways are Pleasantness, "and his Paths Peace, leading to Blessedness both in "this Life, and that which is to come! Happy are the "Tendencies of true Religion! Admirable its present "Supports and Refreshings! its future Hopes are inex- "plicably ravishing, and glorious are its eternal Re- "wards!



N<sup>o</sup> 57. *Monday, August 1. 1715.**Eternity, thou pleasing dreadful Thought!*

Addison's Cato.



S nothing is more refreshing and delightful to the Reasonable Soul, or tends more to elevate, enlarge, and satisfy its noble Faculties, than the Views of boundless Eternity, and the stedfast Apprehension of its future, everlasting Existence; so 'tis admirable to consider the Influence of this heavenly Prospect, in giving it the Ascendant over all the Charms of a sensible World, and the most exquisite Trials and Calamities of Life. When the Heaven-born Soul stretches her Immortal Powers, and, under the Conduct of a divine and heavenly Guide, soars away, and visits the invisible Creation! When she rises upon the Wings of Faith and Hope, above the cloudy Regions of this World, gets beyond the starry Sphere, and breathes the pure native Air of Celestial Paradise! When she bathes her Thoughts in the Meditation of the Life to come, and considers the Dissolution of her Body, but as introducing the Perfection of her Being, and the compleat Felicity and Contentment of her Intellectual Capacities! when she sees her self passing to an Immortal State, and all Things combining to ripen her for that glorious Change, which terminates every Evil, and issues in a Scene of inviolable Bliss, swift as the Revolutions of Time! When she surveys her heavenly Make and Constitution, the Grasp of her everlasting Mind, and the noble Compass of divine Enjoyment, she shall tread and traverse to Eternity! How does she out-soar the Miseries of the present World, and taste the Pleasures of an happy Immorta-

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lity! When she thinks on the Time that she shall dis-  
lodge from this Tenement of Clay, and on the Wings  
of Victory, and in the Arms of Cherubs, mount to the  
Empyrean Heaven. Immediately upon her Entrance,  
into whose blisful Regions, she shall be welcom'd by  
an enthron'd Redeemer! emparadis'd in the Bosom of  
the Deity! Array'd with her Robe, her Crown and her  
Palm! Seated on a shining Throne! And embrac'd in  
the Arms of Millions of Celestial Companions! When  
she remembers she is shortly to be clad with the Capa-  
cities of an Angel, to vie with the Services, and  
share the Entertainment of glorious Seraphims! To  
stand for ever in the open immediate View of all Di-  
vine Perfections! And behold all the Beauty, Magni-  
ficence, and Glory, even of that perfect and exalted  
State, shining with an infinitely superior Excellency  
in his own blessed Being! When she knows that  
part of her design'd Felicity, will be to look into  
and contemplate the Counsels and Decrees of Eterni-  
ty! To research and survey, with more elevated  
Understanding, more exquisite Delight, the wondrous  
Volumes of Nature, Providence and Grace! To ce-  
lebrate the Perfections of her Maker, display'd in  
erecting this excellent Frame of the Universe! dis-  
posing all its Scenes, Apartments and Furniture, in  
such beautiful Variety, Usefulness and harmonious  
Order! To adore the Power of his Almighty Arm,  
and the Depth of his infinite Understanding, in sustain-  
ing and governing the mighty Fabrick he had rear'd!  
Over-ruling the darkest and most inexplicable Events,  
all the seeming Contrarieties, mysterious Conduct,  
and trackless Paths of Providence, to subserve the  
wise and the greatest Purposes! and managing the  
whole Compass of Nature, Animate, Inanimate, Hu-  
man and Angelick Being, to accomplish that admir-  
able, that exquisite Sylltem, form'd in his eternal  
Mind! But, above all, to sing the Wonders and the  
Mysteries, the infinite, unutterable Endearments, of  
Incarnate Deity and Redeeming Love! That the glo-  
rious Jesus, essentially Divine, possessing the Honours  
of the Deity! attended by Myriads of Angels, Arch-  
Angels, and flaming Cherubims! adorn'd by all the  
heavenly

heavenly Powers, enthron'd with equal Splendor and Majesty with his eternal Father! should quit that incomprehensible Glory, and veil his Godhead in an infinitely inferior Nature! submit to the inconveniences (astounding Condescension! stupendous Love!) of Hunger, Weariness, Pain, Poverty, and vilest Disgrace! to be treated with the utmost Contempt by Creatures of his own forming! endure the Reproaches, the ungrateful Reproaches of miscreant Man; the Insults of damned Angels, and the Wrath of his Almighty Father! to be cradled in a Manger, and die upon a Cross! and all to regain the Happiness and Bliss of despicable rebellious Worms, void of all Affection towards him! while the Soul is looking at these eternal Prospects, and mindful of her heavenly Descent, with the Wings of Faith hovers on that glorious World! Is it any Wonder, on the one Hand, that she spurns the Diadem of *Cæsar*, and tramples upon all the Splendors of his Throne; contemns the Pomp, the Glory, and the Grandeur that glitters in the Courts of Princes; the most delicate Satisfactions, and refin'd Contentments of this sublunary World! neglects the Pleasures, and disdains the Joys, that are so much beneath the Dignity of her Birth, and the vastness of her immortal Hopes? rises with loftier and supernal Flight, above these fond and fluttering Amusements, so unequal to its noble Breathing, heavenly Tendency, and everlasting Frame! 'tis through this Intercourse she maintains with the Invisible World, a familiar Converse with a vast and endless Futurity, that she looks upon those Things that have the highest Value put upon them by the World, ador'd among Men, and pursu'd with the eagrest Ambition, with a noble and sincere Indifference! pompous Titles, Posts of Honour, high Revenues, flaming Chariots and splendid Equipage! stately Buildings and delicious Gardens, purling Streams and shady Groves! the Charms of Beauty, and the Strains of Wit, and all the endearing, soft, enchanting Scenes in Nature; yea, the Wisdom of Philosophy and the Depths of State, the Victories of Alexander, and the Pleasure of ten Thousand Par-

dices, are as nothing to the Joy, the Glory and the Bliss, she knows is prepar'd and reserv'd for her in the heavenly World! And on the other Hand, what though for the present she may be held upon the Confiners of Darkneſs, and cover'd with the very Shades of Death! conſeſe with nothing but Storms and Tempeſts, Terror and Anguiſh, Tears and Groans! Fed continually with the Bread of Affliction, and the Wine of Aſtoniſhment! Sustain the mighty and inceſſant Shocks of inviſible Powers, and perhaps many uneaſy Self-reflections, the Proofs of her Imperfection, and incident to her unglorified State. Should Friend, Lover and Companion fail her; the Boſom intimate, the tender Relative, ſtanding at a ſhy, a wounding Diſtance. If ſhe is afflicted in her Body, blaſted in her Reputation, and leſſen'd in the World; diſcarded the very Society of Mankind; and thrown out of their Thoughts as an Object of Scorn and Indignation; yet how doth ſhe triumph with the Joy of Victory, when ſhe can look through all this horrid Gloom, to thoſe pleaſant and immortal Regions, where her preſent Tribulations, will but raiſe her eternal Hallelujahs! how juſtly does ſhe ſmile with ſuperior Greatneſs, when conſcious to her Innocence, ſhe is arraign'd as Criminal at their Bar, who themſelves muſt ſhortly be cited before a more juſt Tribunal; knows they muſt make their Appearance with her, before that awful Throne, and ſtrip of all Diſtinction, on the level Plain, wait their everlaſting Doom. With what inward Exultations, Celeſtial Rapture, and victorious Triumph, does ſhe look upon all the Inſults and Indignities that ſhe receives from Fellow Mortals, the moſt ſtinging Reproaches, Calumnies and opprobrious Diſtractions, while ſhe ſees the dear Day always at Hand, when ſhe ſhall be brought forth to the View of the whole Species of Angels and Men; and in the Preſence of that vaſt and united Confluence of all intellectual Creatures, be openly acquitted and embrac'd, by this one great, univerſal, ſupream Being! and in publick Triumph, led up by her Divine Creator, to a fair Manſion of immortal Joy, faſhion'd by an infinite Architect, and pay'd with everlaſting Love!



Only it must be remembered, that the Consideration of Eternity, and the Thought of a future Existence, can yield none of these Divine Refreshments and Supports to the Mind of Man, in its Natural Apostate State. Nor can the utmost Soar of meer Moral, Philosophical Virtue, ever tower this heavenly Height, to raise the Soul to such joyful and glorious Views! There must be something of a more noble and divine Extract, to produce this Fruit, this Flower of Paradise. 'Tis necessary there should be a great and universal Change, introduc'd upon all the Powers of the Soul, by Sovereign and Almighty Grace, to enable her to triumph in the Face of Eternity! Wit out which, the thought of an Hereafter, will be the most uneasy and dreadful Companion, to a justly apprehensive, intelligent and immortal Being.



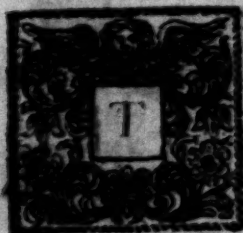
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A  
**Contemplative Survey**  
 OF THE  
**CREATION.**

— *Wonderful indeed are all his Works,  
 Pleasant to know, and worthiest to be all  
 Had in Remembrance, always with Delight:  
 But what created Mind can comprehend  
 Their Numbers, or the Wisdom infinite,  
 That brought them forth, but hid their Causes deep!*  
 Milton's Paradise Lost.



**T**Aking the fresh Air one Summers Even-  
 ing, and beholding the admirable Im-  
 pressions of Divine Beauty, Goodness,  
 Power and Wisdom, stamp't upon u-  
 niversal Nature, such Thoughts and  
 Reflections as these, rose immediately  
 in my Mind.  
 What thinking, intellectual Being  
 can walk Abroad, and be surrounded on all sides with  
 such

such beautiful divine Works, and such a Variety of Creatures, and not lift up his Heart in Praise, and Love, and Adoration to his glorious *Creator*, in whom all those Beauties are eminently and infinitely conspicuous, and from whom they spring? All the sparkling Glories and Excellencies of the Creature, are but a Drop from that Ocean, a Ray from that Sun, a little Grain from that infinite unsearchable Mine of Perfection and Beauty! When I consider the *Earth*, as it is variously clad in the several Seasons of the Year; when I view it in all its vernal Pomp and Gaiety; behold the Ground, as a stately Carpet, or curious Piece of Tapeltry; embroider'd and emboss'd with a beautiful Mixture of delightful Flowers, diffusing an Ambrosial Fragrance! When I think upon the infinite Variety of Plants and Trees, from the *Hyssop* to the *Cedar*, and observe every Leaf, and Fruit, and Shape, to be distinct and proper to its Kind, pursuant to the Order which they received in the first Creation! When I see the various Proportions and Colours of Birds, and hear their warbling Lays, and tuneful harmonious Ditties, sounding through the Woods: When I am charm'd with a Train of melodious Notes, flowing from a Creature that's void of *Reason*, and insensible of the Author of its Being: When I see the fresh and lively Verdure of Meadows and Enclosures, the delightful and shading Variety of Greens that cover and adorn the Ground, the Bush, and the Tree; when I consider the lovely and delicate Hue of the *Lilly* and the *Rose*, the delicious Flavour of the *Violet*, and those endless Beauties which shine amidst the Groves and Gardens, what Wonder doth it breed, what Rapture in my admiring Soul! If I view it in its Summer's Pride and Glory, when the Face of the Earth is crown'd with the Goodness of the Lord, and the Fatness of his Paths; when Millions of Fields stand crowded with the noblest Grain, and ravish the Heart of Man with the amazing Bounty of his Maker, and the Prospect of a glorious Harvest! If I consider its Autumnal Magazines, and those plentiful Stores of all Variety of Fruits, which it then freely unloads and pours into the Bosom of Man: Or when I take a Prospect of its wintry Scenes, and seasonally contemplate the *Snow*, the *Hail*, the *Wind*, the *Ice*,



Ice, the Gold, the Rain, and consider the Solemnity and various Usefulness of those mighty Works, 'tis all big with awful and pleasing Wonder, Astonishment and Surprise! When I consider every Spire of Grass, as the Work of a Deity, and that all the Angels in Heaven have not Power enough to call into Existence the meanest Fly, when I think how the curious and excellent Artifice that is in the Structure of the smallest Animal, had pos'd the Heads, and reproach'd the Understanding of the greatest Naturalists; and that vain Man would be grasping the infinite Mysteries of Redemption with corrupted Reason, which is baffled and outsoar'd by the most minute and inconsiderable Parts of the visible Creation: When I call to mind the Mountains, the Rocks, and the Valleys, the roaring Wildernesses and Deserts, the Woods and the beautiful Plains, the Seas, the Rivers, and the Fountains of Water; when I consider what swarms of living Animals inhabit almost each Foot of Earth I tread upon; what Millions of Sheep and Oxen and other Cattle, are grazing upon Hills and Pastures, ranging the Forrest, or attending the Service of Mankind; what prodigious Numbers and Variety of Fowl enrich, inhabit and adorn the Air, the Water and the Earth, and what Worlds of useful and admirable Creatures dwell in the Bottom of the Ocean, I adore the infinite Grandeur, Magnificence and Power of my great Creator, and think, how little a Portion have I seen of him! But when I further consider, that the Ocean and the Earth, which compose this vast Globe I stand on, and all yon glittering Glories of the Sky were form'd out of Nothing, at the mere sovereign, all-powerful Word of their Creator and mine; and that this prodigious and amazing Mass of Being stands immovable in the yielding Air, without the least visible Prop or Pillar to support it: When I consider the Sun, that glorious Creature, above an Hundred and sixty times bigger than this World I dwell upon; that runs its Annual and Diurnal Course, with such incredible Swiftmess, and yet with such punctual Regularity: When I contemplate the beautiful Body of the Moon, behold it walking in its Brightness, and its radiant Countenance, softened into a more mild and amiable Light: When I view the various Beauty and Glory

the *Stars*, when I consider their immeasurable Height, prodigious Magnitude, and numberless Numbers; when I reflect that these mighty Globes of Fire have hung in a thin yielding *Aether*, near six Thousand Years, without the least Disorder or Confusion, in Obedience to the great and sovereign Command of him that made them! When I observe an infinite Wisdom and Goodness, in placing those luminous Orbs at so exact a Distance as to shed their proper Influences on Earth, whereas should they be heightened or lower'd into other Spheres, the World would either freeze to Ice, or kindle into a Flame: When I survey that vast and immeasurable Expanse and Canopy of Heaven, that lovely and beautiful *Sky*, in which those glorious Luminaries are fix'd! when I consider again, that all that I recount and behold, was made for the Service and Accommodation of ungrateful Man, a contemptible, rebellious Worm; that it was all but the Work of Six Days! And that there are far more glorious and magnificent Works, accomplish'd in the invisible World, which no Mortal can behold and live, I am lost in Wonder and Amazement! I stand raviſh'd in Extaſy of Thought, at the ſtupendous Diſplays of my Creator's Power, Goodneſs, Wiſdom and Beauty! With Raptures of Admiration and Ravishment of Spirit, though I can take in ſo very little of that glorious Beauty and admirable Skill, which lie hid in every Part of the Creation, I cry, "Are theſe the Creatures, the Work and Workmanſhip of our Divine Creator? Has he ſtampt ſuch Impreſſions of his Excellency on theſe viſible Objects, and left ſuch Tracts and Footſteps of his Perfections behind him upon perſhable Beings, to be trac'd and ador'd by his Reasonable Creatures? How great is his Goodneſs! How great is his Beauty! how lovely doth he appear, even in the Works of his Hands, and in the Furniture of *Nature*! how infinitely fair and beautiful muſt he be, that has imprinted ſuch lovely Characters on his Creatures! how Boundleſs muſt be that Power that upholds and ſuſtains this immense *Theatre* of the Universe! how infinite and incomprehenſible that Wiſdom, which governs with ſo much Order and

"Har-

" Harmony, so vast a Number, and such an endless  
 " Variety of Beings! Who can see a *Bird*, or *Beast*, or  
 " *Plant*, much less a *Star*, a *Sun*, and not cry out a  
 " DEITY! Ador'd then, for ever ador'd be the  
 " infinite *Yehovah*, for those Skirts of Majesty, those  
 " Dawns of Glory, those glimmering Views of Divine  
 " Perfection, which are to be seen and admir'd in Crea-  
 " tion! But how infinitely transcendent it is, how su-  
 " perlatively ravishing to reflect, that when we con-  
 " template the most beautiful Appearance here below,  
 " the most charming of Created Beings, there's incon-  
 " ceivably more Goodness, Excellency and Sweetness  
 " in his blessed incomprehensible self, for the absolute,  
 " everlasting Satisfaction of an immortal Spirit! when  
 " all the Glory of this World, and its most beautiful  
 " and agreeable Objects, shall be reduc'd to their first  
 " Nothing, and buried in eternal Oblivion, he will be  
 " always new and desirable to the Soul, a perpetual  
 " Fountain of fresh and overflowing Delight! the shal-  
 " low Streams of Created Good, do but mock the Ex-  
 " pectation, and encrease the Thirst of a Reasonable  
 " Creature; but in G O D there is a boundless Ocean of  
 " Goodness, to quench the most enlarg'd Desires, and  
 " hath all the Faculties of an immortal Mind, with  
 " everlasting Contentment! With what sacred Tri-  
 " umph, with what Raptures of Joy, should we freely  
 " part with all the World, all Creatures in our Esteem  
 " and Affection for his Divine Embraces! Were one  
 " interested in all the Endearments and Perfections  
 " which they severally possess, could he call them by  
 " the most intimate and appropriating Title, his, yet  
 " they were all but as the Drop of the Bucket, as the  
 " inconsiderable Dust of the Balance, to this glorious,  
 " all-comprehending Good. All that Loveliness and  
 " Sweetness that can possibly reside in Created Being,  
 " is deriv'd from him, and dwells in his ador'd Self, in  
 " its Fountain Fulness. There it is, and only there,  
 " that the Soul can meet with all that it can possibly  
 " either enjoy or desire; where each Faculty shall  
 " meet with its full and proper Entertainment, and all  
 " its Powers be at rest. When these visible *Heavens*  
 " being folded up, she shall contemplate, enjoy and  
 " adore



“adore her glorious *Creator*, in the Brightness of *Beati-  
fick Vision*, in that Heaven above, that shall never be  
“darkened nor dissolv’d ! But then, how necessarily un-  
“happy must they be, those reasonable, everlasting  
“Creatures, who have no Interest, no Share in this  
“Fountain of Perfection, and Spring of all Blessedness !  
“Who never yet enjoy’d one Smile from that Being  
“that fashion’d their Minds, and form’d all the Powers  
“of their Souls, and imparted to them a Nature that  
“can never be happy in any thing but his eternal Self.  
“But have all the Perfections of this infinite Supream,  
“who is the greatest and the best of Beings, threatening  
“their eternal Ruin, and arm’d with Vengeance and  
“Displeasure against them. Unhappy Creatures ! who  
“not only are disinterested in the Love and Loveliness  
“of the fairest Object, the highest and most excellent  
“Good, but lie expos’d to all those Miseries and Woes  
“which can be inflicted throughout an endless Eterni-  
“ty, by a Being of such awful and aston’ing Power,  
“such infinite Purity, such incomprehensible *Majesty*  
“and *Glory* !

F I N I S.



where her glorious Countess, in the brightness of her  
not less in that heaven above, that shall never be  
distant from his side; but then, how necessarily  
happy will they be, those reasonable, everlast-  
ing Countesses, who have no husband, no share in the  
countess of perfection, and spring of all blessings!

\*\*\*\*\*

of their souls, and imparted to them a future that  
can never be happy in any thing but his eternal self.  
But have all the perfection of his infinite goodness,  
who is the source of all grace, the fountain of  
their eternal life, and with which we are united and  
discontinue from them. Unhappy Countesses, who

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